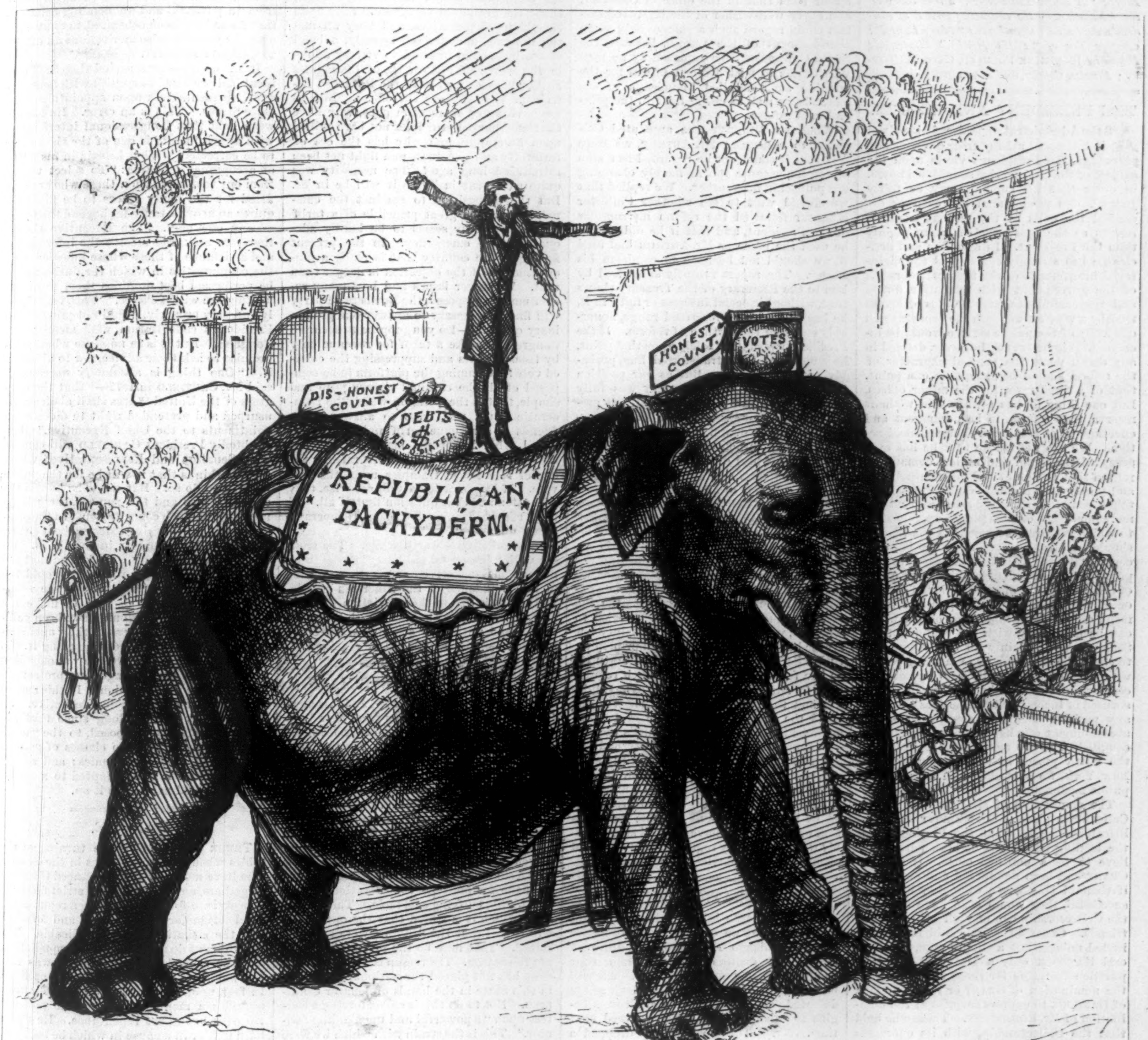
W. B. Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXV.—No. 1268.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1881. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1881, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


DIS-HONEST COUNT.
DEBTS $ REPUDIATED.
HONEST COUNT.
VOTES
REPUBLICAN PACHYDERM.
Th: Nast

THE "READJUSTING" PERFORMANCES.

SENATOR MAHONE. "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, George the Third his Patrick Henry, and the Bourbons" (there was a cry of "Treason! Treason!")—he paused a moment, and said—"may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it. Give me **RIDDLEBERGER**, or give me death."

N.B.—Republicans, ***a straw has broken a camel's back before.***

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 16, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 75 *of* Harper's Young People, *issued April* 5, *contains* "*The Blackbird's Nest,*" *a story by* Mary Cecil Hay, *illustrated by* Jessie Curtis Shepherd; *Chapter Seventeen of* "*Toby Tyler,*" *in which Toby runs away for the second time, and starts for home, illustrated;* "*An Old-time Soldier,*" *with a fine etching of an ancient halberdier;* "*Sea-Breezes,*" *or one of Bessie Maynard's letters to her doll;* "*The Magic Lantern,*" *a half-page picture by* McCutcheon, *tells its own story;* "*Dr. Johnson Doing Penance,*" *with a full-page illustration of the famous Doctor standing bare-headed, on a rainy day, in Uttoxeter Market-Place;* "*A Brave Little Rebel,*" *a true Story of the Revolution, by the charming writer of children's stories who signs herself* "*Mary Densel*"; *Chapter Ten of* "*Phil's Fairies,*" *illustrated; Poems by* Josephine Pollard, George Cooper; *Puzzles, Comics, and other attractions.*

THE PRESIDENT AND REFORM.

As the Administration is already involved in a tempest arising from questions of patronage, the President's views upon the subject of the civil service should be known, in order that his conduct may be fairly judged. No public man has seen or described the evils of the present practice, known as the spoils system, more plainly than the President. In speeches and articles he has strongly condemned the dictatorial interference of the legislative branch of the government with executive duties and responsibilities, and he has declared that by a wise reform both the economy and efficiency of the public service would be increased. He has never, however, defined in any detail what the general character of the reform should be, except on one point, that of a fixed term for the minor offices. But one thing he has always said without reserve, that reform, to be permanent and effectual, must rest upon Congressional action. We are not aware that he has ever accepted the broad and radical demand of reform that the great body of non-political and purely administrative offices should be taken out of politics, and still less that the more important of such places, appointment to which requires the assent of the Senate, should be filled without regard to political considerations. We know no reason to suppose that he has changed his views either of the desirability of some policy of reform, or of the expediency of a political treatment of the more important offices, which can be filled only with the consent of the Senate. We certainly do not expect him to effect the thorough and searching reform which we ourselves believe to be both necessary and practicable, and he can not be accused of inconsistency if he does not. Yet any positive backward steps, such as the abandonment of what has been already accomplished in the methods of selection for the minor places in the Custom-house at New York, we should regard as a serious public misfortune.

The nomination of Mr. Robertson to be Collector in place of Mr. Merritt was a political change in what the President and the leading politicians of both parties believe to be a political office. If General Grant had been nominated and elected, or if General Hancock's campaign had been successful, they would each have called to the Collectorship one of their own political friends. General Grant would have nominated nobody but a Grant man, and General Hancock only a Democrat. It is a puerile affectation for those who supported the nomination of Grant or the candidacy of Hancock to express surprise at the nomination of Mr. Robertson. Those who hold that the Collectorship, with its enormous patronage, can not be treated as a political office without perpetuating and multiplying the abuses to be reformed, know that this is not the view of Mr. Robertson nor of Mr. Merritt. Mr. Merritt, while pursuing the course recommended by President Hayes, has never professed either the interest or the faith of a "reformer," but he has loyally fulfilled the wishes of his superior officer. So far as this is concerned the situation is not changed by the nomination of Mr. Robertson, because there is no doubt that he would pursue the course of Mr. Merritt should the Administration desire it. The change in the Collectorship gives no clew to the intention of the Administration upon the subject of methods of minor appointment. That intention, however, would become very much more apparent should a change be made in the Naval Office. Colonel Burt is a most efficient customs officer of great experience, and he has thorough faith in the reformed system of selection for subordinate positions. The great success of the experiment of the last two years at the Custom-house is mainly due to his intelligence, administrative skill, and uncompromising fidelity. There is no man in the public service more fitted for his duties, and none more diligent and satisfactory in their performance. There is no public officer, also, who, because of his independence and his sturdy protection of his office from the assessing assaults of politicians, is more obnoxious to "the machine." The removal of Colonel Burt, who is completely identified with the reformed methods, could have but one significance. His office, indeed, is one which is filled with the consent of the Senate, and it is probably regarded by the President and his advisers as political. But his identification with the reform, which he fully comprehends and approves, would make the significance of a change in his office very different from that in the office of Collector, and every well-wisher of the improved system could regard such a change only as an abandonment of the reform, because the Naval Officer could be replaced by no man who unites to such trained fitness for the position such detailed knowledge of the methods, as well as entire faith in the principles, of reform.

When Mr. Merritt was appointed Collector to supersede Mr. Arthur, we were told that it could not be regarded as a step of reform, because it was merely changing one politician for another. We replied that we should wait to see whether Collector Merritt followed the reform instructions of the President, and that if he did not, if he used the office as Mr. Arthur had used it, we should not hesitate to condemn his course. The report recently submitted by him to the Secretary of the Treasury shows that, without especial interest or faith in it, he has, within the prescribed range, honorably enforced the method of reform. If the President were intent solely upon that point, he would not have transferred him, probably, to another post. But as our position in regard to Collector Merritt was fully vindicated by the result, we shall not prejudge his successor. Should Mr. Robertson be confirmed, and then proceed to convert the Custom-house to its old function as the driving-wheel of a machine, we should no more support and applaud such action than we did that of Mr. Conkling when he managed the Custom-house through Messrs. Arthur and Cornell. As we said last week, the new Collector will follow the instructions of the President. If those instructions should lead to relinquishing the admirable results already accomplished, we shall certainly not conceal the fact nor extenuate its significance. But because the President may not do all that we wish to see done, we shall with equal certainty not accuse him of betrayal of his own principles. Under Section 1753 of the revised statutes, he has full authority to make such regulations for admission to the service as he thinks fit; and the late Democratic Congress did what the Republican Congress of 1874–75 declined to do at President Grant's request—it appropriated $15,000 to enable the President to execute the provisions of the statute, which is the first appropriation for that purpose since 1873. President Garfield is not bound in this matter by any rules adopted by his predecessors. But his renunciation of rules which have worked so admirably would be deeply regretted by a powerful element in both parties.

DEMOCRATIC DOCTORS.

In the absolute lull of politics it is not surprising that an enterprising newspaper like the Chicago *Times* should inquire of Democratic doctors what regimen they would advise for success in 1884. All will be well with our institutions so long as the defeated party on the day after election begins to calculate how it can succeed next time. Mr. Blaine incidentally dropped a remark, during the closing discussions of the late session of the Senate, to the effect that frequent elections were political safety-valves. It is a shrewd suggestion. Free speech and a frequent vote may be found to be the great conservative powers of the republic. Meanwhile the Democratic speculation about methods of success in 1884 is but moderately exciting. The true plan to pursue in determining the future course would seem to be some searching reflections upon the past. There is a great hubbub about Democratic reorganization. But does anybody seriously suppose that the Democratic national defeats of the last twenty years are due to defective organization? "I vow," said a reveller in the morning, with his head splitting, "I will never put lemon peel in my punch again."

Now the lemon peel was not the real offender, and Democrats with the headache that naturally set in on the morning after election must not suppose that defective organization did it. Very probably the organization is defective, but the wise men of the party should seriously investigate the reason that the people of this country will not trust Democratic administration. Notwithstanding the tissue ballots, and the South solidified by crime, notwithstanding that the tariff was but a "local issue," and that the Morey forgery and the Garcelon fraud and the cry of the "great electoral fraud of 1876" were all diligently put into operation to bring Democratic purity and reform into control of the government, the country would not dance to the seductive piping, and, in the rude language of the streets, once more put a head upon "the grand old party."

> "But when young Laertes was run through the body,
> 'Tis sad,' cried Paul Pry, and he wept like a noddy."

There is a universal demand upon the part of distinguished Democrats in interviews, and of the Democratic press, and of the correspondents of the Chicago *Times*, that "the grand old party" shall rally upon time-honored principles, and bury all factional feuds, and proceed sweetly, a band of brothers, hand in hand, to victory and—in the words of Flanagan, of Flanagan's Mills, Texas, as well as of the Reverend Petroleum V. Nasby—to the offices. But, as we have asked more than once, why have the time-honored principles not been rallied upon heretofore, and why has the era of fraternity and sweetness and light not been introduced long ago? The necessity was quite as urgent in '80 as it will be in '84. But the proposition to conduct the campaign upon the great principle of a tariff for revenue only seems to be hardly adequate to the emergency. In the present feeling of the country that is really a fancy issue. But the objection is deeper than that. Whatever issues and how many soever may be proposed, the Democratic party will find it necessary to answer one preliminary question—Do you propose to secure a Congress to make a tariff for revenue only by tissue ballots and suppressing the colored vote? Assuming the platform to be composed of all the cardinal virtues pure and simple, that is the question which the Democratic party will have to answer. The friends of a revenue tariff and the friends of all other important measures will not support a party which, while raising the cry of free trade, tramples upon the free vote. If Democratic doctors are wise, they will attend to that question first of all. If they can reorganize Southern Democratic views upon that subject, it will be a reorganization that is worth while. The trouble with "the grand old party" seems to be not so much defective organization as want of the confidence of the American people. That want is due to the conviction that the party does not deal honestly with Southern voters, and until that conduct is corrected national confidence will not be regained.

MR. ROBERTSON'S CONFIRMATION.

It is understood as we write, and it is most probable, that the Senators from New York will oppose the confirmation of Mr. Robertson as Collector of this port. They will not do this, of course, because it is an unfit nomination; and the senior Senator can not consistently oppose it on the ground that it would remove an efficient officer, because he acquiesced in precisely such removals at the close of President Grant's term, when his henchmen were substituted for the officers removed. Senator Conkling gravely arguing that a change in the Collectorship should not be made for political considerations would be a highly edifying spectacle. The ground upon which it is stated that the opposition will rest is that the Senators were not consulted. That may be the pretext, but it is not the reason. The reason is that the President has not placed the national patronage in this State in the hands of Senator Conkling. Not to do this is called forcing a contest upon "a powerful and unoffending Senator." This is the strain with which we were made familiar under the late administration. Not to wear Mr. Conkling's collar is to force a contest upon that "unoffending" and long-suffering personage, who only asks that wicked Presidents and other vexatious people will mind their own business, and not interfere with his right of supporting his retainers at the public expense.

Consulting the Senators from New York means asking them whom they wish the President to appoint in that State. That is not President Garfield's conception of executive duty. He holds that the executive and legislative branches of the government should mutually respect their own province. "The chiefest reason," he said in Congress in 1872, "why a reform in the civil service is required is that the three powers, or particularly the two powers of the government, the legislative and executive, may be restored to their independence, may be left unawed and uninfluenced by the pressure of personal dictation and control." It is the duty of Senators to assist in making customs laws, for instance; and it is the duty of the Executive to enforce those laws, and to nominate such officers to enforce them as he thinks proper. The Senate, indeed, must be asked to confirm the nomination, but obviously it can legitimately refuse to confirm only because it believes the nomination to be unfit in itself, or made for an improper purpose. But to oppose the selection of a fit agent by the Executive upon the ground that a Senator prefers somebody else, is both a usurpation and a prostitution of a constitutional authority. There is no question whatever that Mr. Robertson is a fit person for Collector, and that he is nominated in accordance with the principles which the New York Senators hold ought to govern such nominations. There is equally no doubt that if the President had nominated Mr. Sharpe for Collector, and Mr. John F. Smyth for Surveyor, and Mr. Jacob Patterson for Naval Officer, we should have heard no protests from "a powerful and unoffending Senator" that he had not been consulted, nor any wail over the transfer of so meritorious an officer as Collector Merritt.

It has been rashly asserted that the President had promised to consult with Senators and Representatives upon appointments in their States. This is an error. He has always held that Congressional interference with appointments is one of the chief evils to be corrected. What he said in his letter of acceptance was this: "To select wisely from our vast population those who are best fitted for the many offices to be filled requires an acquaintance far beyond the range of any one man. The Executive should therefore seek and receive the information and assistance of those whose knowledge of the communities in which the duties are to be performed best qualifies them to aid in making the wisest choice." This, very clearly and very properly, would not prevent the President's consultation with members of Congress. But it is in no sense whatever a promise to ask their advice, nor to abide by it. "One thing is absolutely necessary," said Mr. Garfield in 1872—"that the Congress of the United States shall abdicate its usurped and pretended right to dictate appointments to the Chief Executive." Undoubtedly President Garfield will consult with Senators and Representatives whenever he thinks that it will be for the public interest to do so. But when he knows the circumstances and the persons, there is no necessity for such consultation. In the present case he had nothing to learn about either. He knows the situation in New York. He knows Mr. Robertson. He knows that under no circumstances whatever would the "unoffending Senator" approve the selection, and as he had decided to make the nomination, nothing would have been gained by hearing the protest of the "unoffending Senator," and then disregarding it. It was much wiser to leave the "unoffending Senator" and his colleague to protest together in executive session. In this matter the President had a simple alternative. He has probably learned long since that the political world is composed, to the "unoffending Senator," of two classes of persons—his slaves and his enemies; and as the President's neck is ill adapted to a collar, he has decided not to put it on.

MAHONE.

There is certainly some turning of the tables when the Republicans in the Senate, who have most warmly denounced the rebel brigadiers, and insisted upon strict financial honesty, are found supporting a repudiating rebel brigadier as a friend and brother. But the situation is very explicable. The Republicans do not support the repudiation, and the rebel brigadier frankly owns that the war has settled the questions at issue. In fact, upon this latter point Mr. Mahone occupies a manly and honorable position. He does not affect repentance. He was a hard fighter in a cause in which he believed. He put the decision upon the wager of battle, and without snivelling, or hesitating, or counterplotting, or lying in wait for revenge, he accepts the result. Had other rebel brigadiers taken the same course, there would have been no Southern question, and the political situation would have been relieved of its sectional aspect.

But there is still greater significance in Mr. Mahone's position. It is not negative only, but positive. "The South," represented by Messrs. Hill and Butler and other Senators, is simply the old South waiting for a turn of the tide. It is the old sectional, local, provincial spirit, intolerant, unjust, and exclusive, which passed the Black Codes under Andrew Johnson, and which is guilty of the great dishonor of accepting representation upon the basis of the whole population, and then suppressing the votes of an immense part of it by force and fraud. Indeed, the "Democracy" of Messrs. Hill and others of the same school is a mere conspiracy against a free vote and an honest count, for the purpose of maintaining the ascendency of the ante-bellum disposition and leadership. This is the incubus and paralysis of "the South." While this continues, politics will be necessarily sectional, and the progress which requires the co-operation of independent citizens will be indefinitely postponed. So long as parties are divided by a fundamental question, such as that of the freedom of suffrage, new party associations are impracticable. This inflexible adherence to a wrong growing out of the old system of slavery is well called Bourbonism. It is the curse of the region in which it prevails, and the power of Mr. Mahone's position is its hostility to Bourbonism and its acknowledgment of the equal rights of all citizens. His exposure of the course of the Southern Democrats who assumed to call him to account was very effective, and his denunciation of them as the real enemies of their section was most significant because of its truth. For his repudiating or "re-adjusting" policy nothing can be said except that any attempted organization of a Republican party in Virginia upon a platform of national dishonesty would certainly fail, as it ought to fail. But that Mr. Mahone is a repudiator is no reason that the Republicans should not welcome his vote in the Senate, if it is given to them without a price. If it has been deliberately bought with patronage, it is a mutual disgrace to Mr. Mahone and to his buyers.

The assertion of a bargain with Republicans, however, even if it were true, does not affect the fact that Mr. Mahone and his friends have acted in good faith toward their colored allies, and have earned their confidence. It was this conduct which signalized Mr. Mahone, before the meeting of the Senate, as the one member whose course was not certain; and if the Republicans promised to give his friend Riddleberger a warm place, as the price of his vote, it was a shameful bargain, but it was made with him not because he was more treacherous than others, but because his party attachment was half severed. There is no defense whatever to be made for such a trade as is alleged, but long before any such transaction Mahone's successful movement in Virginia had been interpreted as a formidable break in the chain of solidity that throttles the South. The Democratic criticisms upon him have failed because their point was that he was a Democrat as Mr. Hill or Mr. Butler are Democrats, and that he was elected by a Democratic Legislature to represent the Democratic party. But this is not so. He was elected against a regular Democratic candidate by a coalition of Democrats and Republican Re-adjusters, and not upon a Democratic platform. His position, therefore, is essentially one of independence, like that of Judge Davis, of Illinois, and to denounce him as a Democratic deserter in the sense that Mr. Butler might be denounced, was obviously a pointless proceeding. The significance of the whole affair is not that a Democrat has been bought with patronage, but that a Virginian Senator elected despite Democratic opposition has declared for fair play at the polls.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The English Copyright Association, which is composed both of authors and publishers, accepts the proposed draft of an international treaty as a suitable basis of negotiation. So general an assent of all interests involved was never before expressed for any such proposition, and it is evident that if action is ever to be taken, it must be under precisely such circumstances as the present.

The persons who are especially interested in a prompt and satisfactory understanding are the English authors. They have been in the habit, under the recognized practices of the publishing trade in this country, to receive a royalty upon their republished works, and they are now threatened with its loss. This they understand, and we know no English author of distinction who has expressed himself in opposition to the plan proposed.

The American people undoubtedly desire cheap reading; but it would be an insult to them to suppose that they would object to an arrangement which, without injury to American labor, respects the limited interest of the English author, and which at the same time secures the similar interest of the American author. We shall watch with great interest the course which the State Department pursues upon an international question which has been so auspiciously opened.

A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

A barbarous practice of selling the support of paupers to the lowest bidder still prevails in parts of the country, and public attention has been recently called to it in Hancock County, West Virginia. The object of the bidder is to drive the best bargain possible, and as the paupers are old and friendless and helpless, the horrible suffering to which they are exposed is evident. Instances in Hancock County are cited where the bargain proved to be a bad one, and the wretched victims were half starved, and lodged in filth and cold, until they were rescued by humane neighbors. At a recent sale of this inhuman kind one poor old woman was "bid off" to a notorious "shark," and was driven away by him, weeping piteously, and within a few days afterward died of a broken heart.

It is stated that a strong appeal for a total change of the vicious system will be made to the authorities; and also that a similar appeal, made three years ago, failed. That such inhumanity should be tolerated, after it has been brought to public attention, argues a deplorable want of civilization in any American community. There are traces of it elsewhere. In some parts of New England, even, the care of insane persons who are not dangerous is "let out," in the same way, to the lowest bidder. But it is a practice so susceptible of abuse that it should not be tolerated.

Nothing is a surer sign of high civilization than the treatment of the poor, and it is one of the glories of this century that there has been so great an improvement in this respect. Lecky's faithful and terrible picture of the eighteenth century in England shows how rapidly and how far we have advanced in penal and charitable care. But such incidents as this in West Virginia, and some nearer home, show also how much yet remains to do. There was never a time, however, when so much intelligence of the highest kind, and such wise and unselfish humanity, were brought to the consideration of this great subject as at this moment, both in the United States and in England.

"HOW IS THIS FOR CIVIL SERVICE REFORM?"

This is the question which we are asked by a correspondent, who mentions an instance which, if it be true, shows bad faith somewhere. But does our correspondent suppose that such instances prove that the entire procedure of the last two years at the Post-office and the Custom-house is a sham or fraud? If he will look at the report of the Collector to the Secretary of the Treasury, he will see that, within the range to which the rules are applicable, the conformity to them, under all the circumstances, has been extraordinary. The wonder is not that there have been no evasions, but that they have been so few.

We should very gladly see all the places in the Custom-house and Post-office, except a few of a peculiar kind, brought within the rules, and the rules enforced by those who believe in them as firmly as patronage and favoritism are believed in now. But we must warn our correspondent of the "innocence" of supposing that nothing is done because everything is not accomplished, or that "the whole thing" is a humbug because he has discovered some crookedness.

Under the most favorable conditions, so important a reform will not be achieved at once. The most prudent and intelligent reformers propose, as in Mr. Pendleton's bill, to begin gradually, and not by a clean sweep. Once for all, let it be understood that examples of bad faith do not prove what has been done at the two great offices to be a fraud, any more than police collusion with pickpockets proves laws against theft to be a folly.

FULTON'S "CLERMONT."

In Carlyle's *Reminiscences* the author gives a new version of the invention of the steamboat. There was a Mr. Miller, laird of Dalswinton, in Dumfries-shire, the landlord of Burns, who modelled a steamer, which in 1793 ran upon the Thames at London, between Westminster and Blackfriars bridges. But London was "entirely dead to the phenomenon." The poor man was half ruined, and died broken-hearted. Carlyle proceeds:

"Miller's assistant and work hand for many years was John Bell, a joiner in the neighboring village of Thornhill. Miller being ruined, Bell was out of work and connection, emigrated to New York, and there, speaking much of his old master, and glorious unheeded invention, well known to Bell in all its outlines or details, at length found one Fulton to listen to him, and by 'Fulton and Bell' (about 1809) an actual pocket steamer was got launched, and lucratively plying on the Hudson River, became the miracle of Yankeeland, and gradually of all lands."

These, Carlyle says, he believes to be essentially the facts. But in the same year (1793) that Mr. Miller's model boat was upon the Thames, Fulton wrote to the Earl of Stanhope upon the moving of ships by means of steam. In 1803 he made a working model of his steamboat, and ordered the engine of Boulton & Watt, in England, in the same year. He received it in 1806, and in 1807 the *Clermont* was paddling in the Hudson, making five miles an hour.

LAFAYETTE'S GRANDSON.

The death of the grandson of Lafayette naturally recalls the Revolution and the friendship of France. This has been always a tradition of sentiment, and in the days of Jefferson it was a political sentiment also. The action of France at a most critical moment was of the utmost service to the colonies, and it was one of the great results of the victory at Saratoga. But the tradition of sentiment has never taken account of the fact. The aid of France did not mean love of America, but hatred of England. It was a stroke of national policy of the purest selfishness. Republicanism and revolt were no more agreeable to the French monarchy than to the English monarchy. But if by aiding revolt France could wound England, she was quite ready.

But Lafayette's devotion to the American cause and his friendship with Washington were sincere and loyal. He was a youth of generous impulses, which never deserted him; and Everett said truly, when he died, that there was not a lover of liberty in the world whose head did not droop as he heard that Lafayette was dead. He was worthy of Washington's regard, for although not a great man, he was a faithful, generous, and constitutional "liberal" at all times and under all circumstances; and the arrival of the young French marquis of the old régime to offer his maiden sword to the colonies struggling toward a republic is always one of the picturesque incidents of history.

It is pleasant to see that the American Minister was one of the pall-bearers of Lafayette's grandson, and that over his grave, in a few patriotic and pathetic words, he recalled the friendly sympathy and service which have written the name of Lafayette upon the American heart.

THE CHARITY OF OLD BOOKS AND PAPERS.

There is no simpler or more benignant charity than that of books and papers for the hospitals, of which we have spoken more than once, and of which we gladly remind our readers. It was suggested by an invalid, herself very fond of reading, and able to gratify her taste, who in the seclusion of sickness had a deep and humane feeling of the immense relief that pleasant and interesting reading would secure to the great multitude of the sick in hospitals, whose idle hours drag by with intolerable weariness. At her request, before her death a small sum was raised, and the work was adopted and is now carried on by her friends in the State Charities Aid Association.

Boxes for the receipt of newspapers and books and magazines have been placed at the ferries, railway stations, and other points, and the express companies have generously carried the packages freely, and the press has commended the good work to public attention. During the year 1880 a daily average of 400 papers has been collected from boxes and sent to the city institutions on "the islands."

No contributions are more valued than illustrated papers and magazines, and this fact is a peculiar appeal to the readers of Harper's Magazine, Bazar, and Weekly to drop the numbers which they have read in the boxes of this unobtrusive and admirable charity, and so share their pleasure with those to whom it will be a blessing.

A VOLUME BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has collected in a handsome volume for private circulation his later papers from the reviews and magazines. They are upon many topics, historical, literary, æsthetic, politico-economical, philosophical, and biographical; but they are all marked with the clearness of thought, the ample learning, the dry humor, and the limpid and charming style which are associated with his name. The work is printed for the author by Hunter, Rose, & Co., in Toronto, where Mr. Smith now resides.

The same house issues the *By-stander*, conducted by Mr. Goldwin Smith, the monthly commentary upon public affairs, Canadian and other, of which we have often spoken as one of the most vigorous, independent, and able of such periodicals, a phenomenon in Canada, and introducing Canadian questions to the knowledge of the world with an attractiveness which is as unprecedented as it is timely and serviceable.

It is fortunate that a scholar of the distinction of Mr. Goldwin Smith, a political observer so thoughtful and candid, and a master of a literary style so luminous and incisive, should have chosen to live upon this side of the ocean, and to take part in current public discussion. The volume of *Lectures and Essays* which he has modestly forborne to publish shows his singular equipment for the duty that he has assumed.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Boucicault delivered in Boston on Sunday evening, March 27, a lecture on Ireland, in which he detailed the events that have led up to the present great issue between Ireland and Great Britain. He omitted, however, some curious and most discreditable facts connected with the Parliamentary Union with Ireland, which went into effect on the 1st of January, 1801. The secret measures adopted to effect it are revealed in the *Correspondence of the Marquis of Cornwallis*, published in 1858. There were three hundred members in the Irish House of Commons, of whom fifty were barristers. The sum of £1,260,000 was spent in the purchase of rotten boroughs from the persons who had the patronage, about £15,000 being given for each. Lord Downshire received £52,500 for his interest of this kind, and Lord Derby £45,000. Twenty-two Irish peerages were created as bribes, nineteen Irish peers received advancement to a higher grade, and five obtained English peerages. Pensions and places innumerable were given to less influential recipients. The Opposition was almost equally corrupt, and as much as £5000 was given on either side for an individual vote.

—The present special session of the United States Senate, though it has been enlivened by frequent neat and witty hits and repartees, has not listened to any speech of unusual ability. It was the opinion of Mr. Webster, when speaking of great speeches, that the finest bursts of Parliamentary eloquence on record are to be found in the debates of the Parliament in the reign of Charles I.

—The touching scene at the inauguration of President Garfield, when, after taking the oath, he turned to his venerable mother, who sat immediately behind him, and gave her an affectionate kiss, has a parallel in the conduct of Lord Brougham, who, after his appointment as Lord Chancellor, took a journey to Brougham Hall to visit his venerable mother, and kneeling before her, asked her blessing on a Lord Chancellor. The good old lady still preserved her fine faculties entire; but while she reciprocated her boy's affection for her, and was proud of his abilities and the distinction he had acquired, she said, with sense and feeling, "My dear Harry, I would rather have embraced the member for Yorkshire; but God Almighty bless you!"

—We congratulate Mr. Hugh Hastings, the genial proprietor of our esteemed contemporary the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, on the increasing prosperity of his paper. He has been compelled to enlarge his pages by the pressure on the advertising columns, and to increase his press facilities by the purchase of a Hoe type-web perfecting press. With courtly gallantry Mr. Hastings prides himself on the attention given by the *Commercial* to matters that tend to captivate the susceptible feminine mind, and slyly expresses his commiseration for those papers which lack the interest of womankind, and appeal to masculine minds only. But are we to infer that the fair patrons of the *Commercial* extend their approval to its politics also? We prefer to believe that the *Commercial* must mend its political ways a little before it can justly advance that claim.

—It is so commonly one of the grievances of publishers (says the *Publishers' Circular*, London) that authors "take no note of time"—not even by its loss—and must be perpetually prodded, that a shining example to the contrary should not be passed over, if it were only for the value of the example to the craft. But the following letter from the late Mr. Carlyle to his printers has just now a personal as well as a general interest:

> "Chelsea, 11 *May*, 1869.
>
> "....I am very anxious to hear that y^r *type-founding* preliminary is complete; that you have *got* the proper amount of letter;—*I* am ready to begin at a moment's notice from you; let not a moment be lost! The journey being so long, we can not *start* too soon.
>
> "The *divis^n into voll.*, of 'Library Edit^n' is perfectly settled: 30 voll. (*excluding* the *W. Meister* and other German things), voll. ranging from 310 pp. to 100 more (scarcely one of them going much higher: Fried^h in 10 voll., etc., etc.),—*copy* from beginning to end is lying as good as *ready* for you. Let us start, let us start!
>
> "That *abolition* of Capitals in *Sartor*, I find, will never do; abolit^n quasi-total, wh. in many places considerably obscures the sense (or comprehensibility in reading): much better let the thing stand as it is than *so*. I can not myself undertake to read the Book with an eye to Capitals; tho' I have tried passages of it;—you shall have a *fresh* copy, marked by me here and there; if these can serve *you* too as indicat^{ns} of intent^n to be fulfilled by you, I shall be glad.
>
> "The great thing now, however, is to get *begun*, and to *go* along with *spirit and dispatch*.
>
> "Yrs. truly, T. Carlyle.
>
> "P.S.—Will you at once send me word what the exact length of voll. 5 & 6 of Friedr^h will be: if they also are only ab^t 300 pp., vol. 7 too will already be big enough."

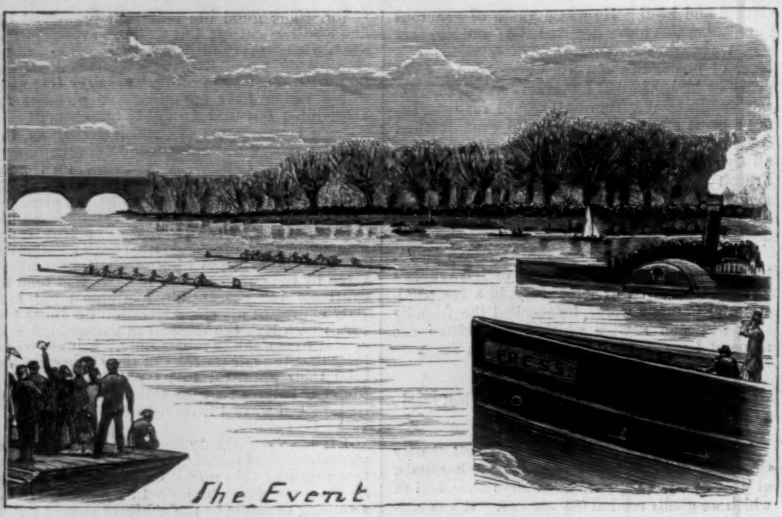
—Mrs. Mary Clemmer's description of Senator Mahone is as follows: "There he sat, a very bantam of a man, with a minute person and the exhaustive beard minute men are likely to present as a *baton* of masculinity that makes length of limb unnecessary. Nevertheless, a very little man with a very long beard very often looks ridiculous where he intends to look tremendous. William Mahone, a Washington journal declares, 'weighs ninety-two pounds'; thus what there is of him is chiefly nerves, bones, brains, and beard. Three fine features set the man above the mass—a fine aquiline nose, fine sparkling blue eyes, and a fine head. His long iron-gray hair hides the upper part of his face; his eyes glitter from under perfect promontories of perception; his long iron-gray mustache hides the expression of his mouth; and his beard makes him look like a Blue-beard Lilliputian."

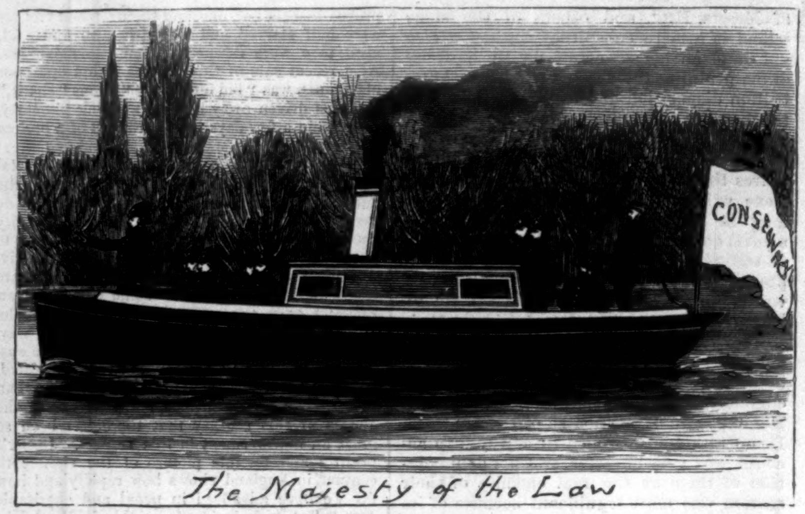
—Albert C. Bogart, of Paterson, New Jersey, celebrated the one-hundredth year of his birth on the 28th of March, and had one hundred and forty of his descendants to dine with him. He is in fair health and quite active, but has seemed to think of late that he was living mainly to complete the one hundred years.

—Mr. George H. Boker has the good fortune to be fine-looking, a poet, a man of wealth, president of the Philadelphia Union League Club, and to have been United States Minister at Constantinople and St. Petersburg. He tells this story about Edgar A. Poe: "One day I was sitting at a bookseller's, who also published a serial, when Poe came in. If shabby, he was generally genteel, and had the inherent look of a man of the world out of place and ostracised, yet with a compensating pride in his sense of finer intellect. After some little while, he said to the publisher, 'Lend me ten dollars.' 'I can't do it.' He was already in debt to his friend a hundred or two. 'Lend me five, then,' said Poe. 'I can't do it, Poe; I have made up my mind not to lend any more.' 'Well,' said Poe, 'will you give me ten dollars for a poem?' 'Yes, I will be glad to do that.' Poe sat down, and almost without hesitation wrote a sonnet, exquisite in its verbiage, tender in its feeling. He handed it over to the publisher, who paid the money. This sonnet," said Mr. Boker, "he had no doubt written before in his mind, at least—perhaps had written it on paper; and the apparent composition of it in our presence was merely an act of copying."

—The Duke of Sutherland, accompanied by the Marquis of Stafford and one or two others, comes to the United States in April to look us over generally, and especially in reference to our railways. The duke has long been a director in the London and Northwestern and other railways.

—The Rev. Dr. Bartol, of Boston, has just entered upon the forty-fifth year of his pastorate in that city. In the course of his sermon on this interesting anniversary, he took occasion to say that "Calvinism is irreligious, for there is no music in its decrees of doom. Who could ever sing of arbitrary election, partial foreordination, total corruption, and everlasting woe? Any notes would be prostituted and debased. But redeeming mercy, from which none are finally and forever shut, that is the strain for the harp and for that organ which is the combination of all musical instruments. I have never drummed you into church; drum and fife are not my chosen types. Desertions of me and my ways I can not blame, but I can at least ask you to like what I like. The severe and sore trials of the pastoral office have been more than tempered by its superfluous privileges, and your minister is a contented man, blessed in his work. If any other has more and better friends, he is too happy. But if I have trusted you, and you have confided in me, the bond has been in that Christianity which, say what scorners will, is a gracious dispensation and not a curse, which began with a song and ended with a hymn."


The Event



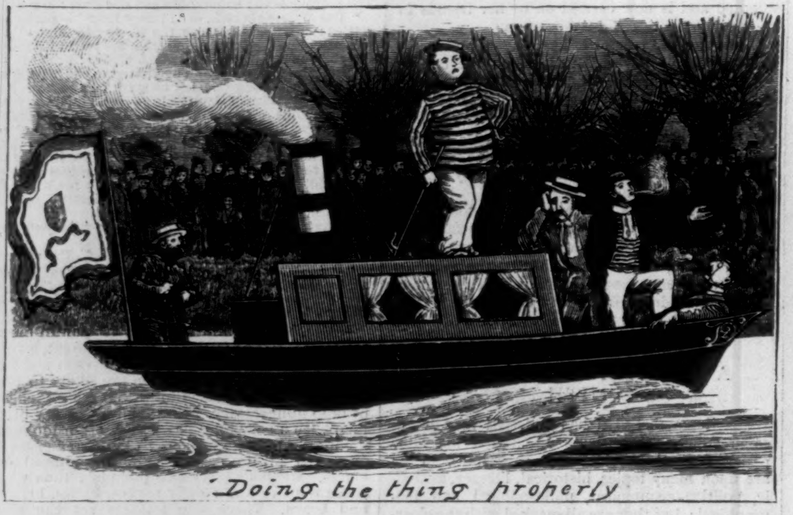
The Majesty of the Law

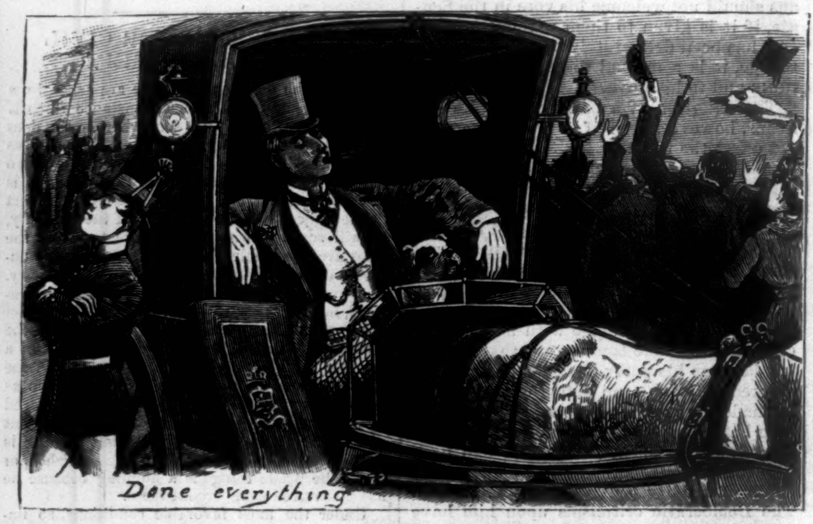
SCENES AT A BOAT-RACE.

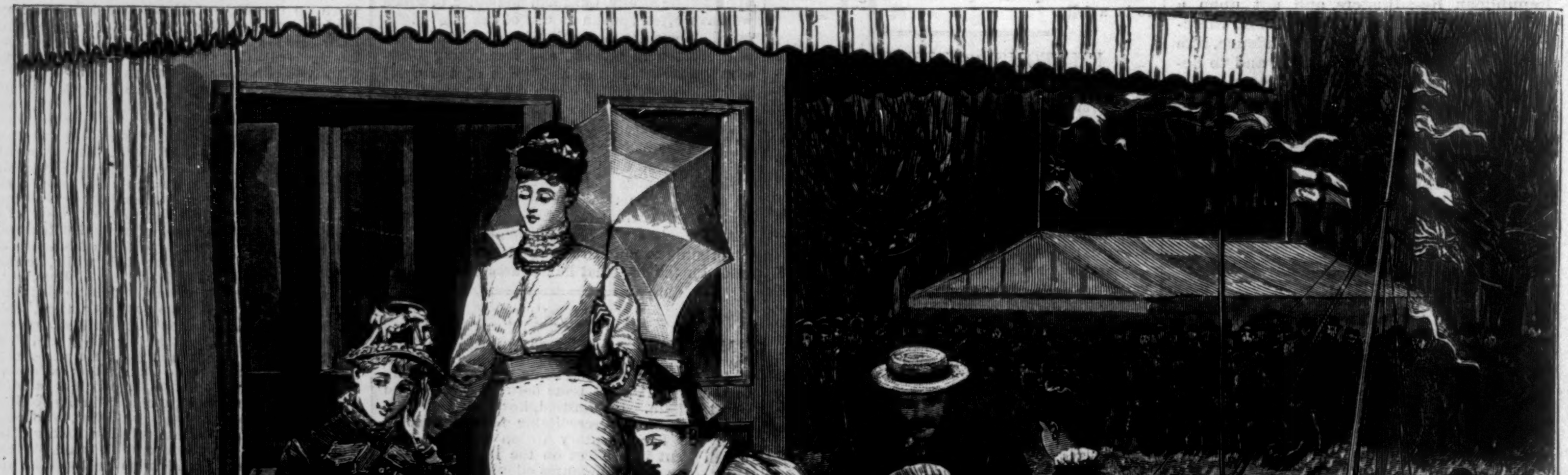
A BOAT-RACE between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge always attracts an immense crowd of spectators. The river-banks are thronged the whole distance of the course, and the river itself is crowded with boats of every description filled with eager sight-seers and friends of the crews. The race is, in fact, one of the leading events of the year. The interest extends to this country also, and our own papers print even fuller and more graphic descriptions of the contest than those which appear in the English journals; and the result is known in New Orleans and San Francisco almost as soon as in London or Edinburgh.

Our people are curiously cosmopolitan in their interest in everything that is going on in any part of the world; and a boat-race on the Thames is reported in our newspapers with as much particularity as one that takes place on our own waters. In this we are singularly different from European nations. No English newspaper would send a special correspondent to report an American university boat-race, much less have a report sent by telegraph. Every American editor knows that his readers expect to find the news of all the world at the breakfast table—war news from the Transvaal, Nihilist crimes in Russia, debates in Parliament, troubles in Ireland, or a boat-race on the Thames: everything that takes place in any quarter of the habitable globe must be fully reported in order to satisfy the intelligent interest of our people.

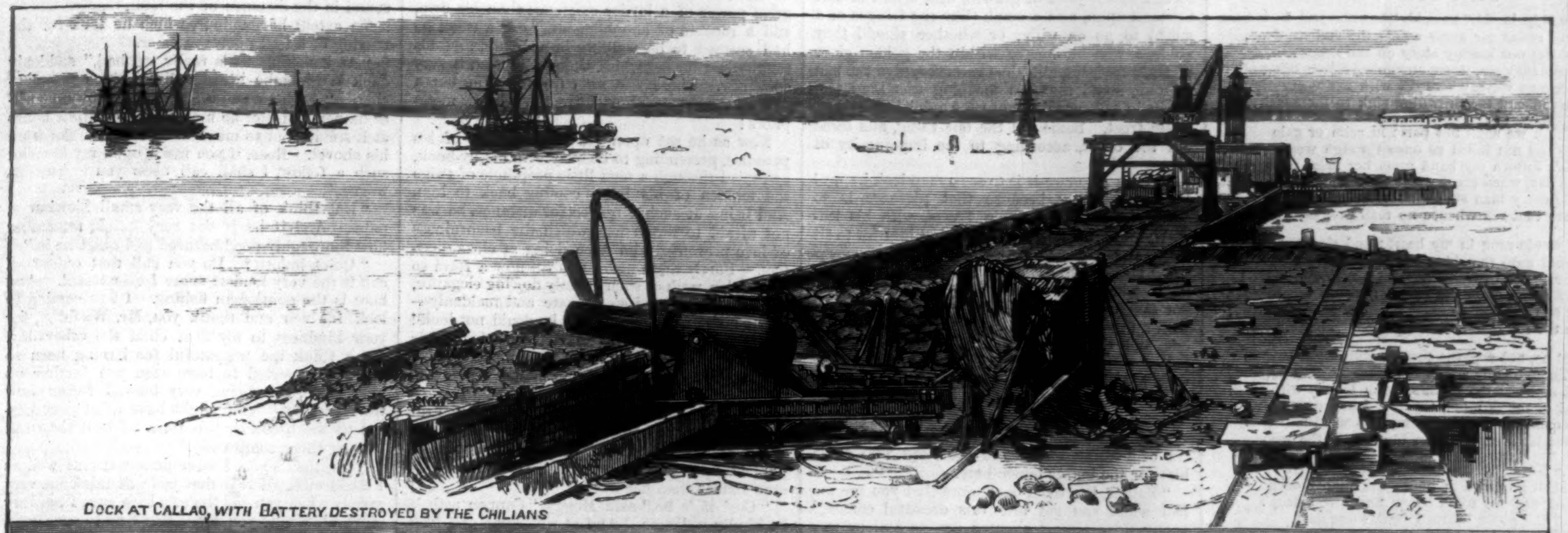
There is more than the usual interest in the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race this year, from the fact that the crews appear to be very evenly matched. In the preliminary practice on the Thames there has been no appreciable difference in their time, and both crews are made up of excellent material. The change in the day for the race from Saturday to Friday is not relished by many people, who are thereby prevented from witnessing the contest. There will be less of a crowd probably, which will be for the advantage and convenience of the crews, but hundreds of people, who can not leave their occupations, will be disappointed of a grand holiday.


"Doing the thing properly"

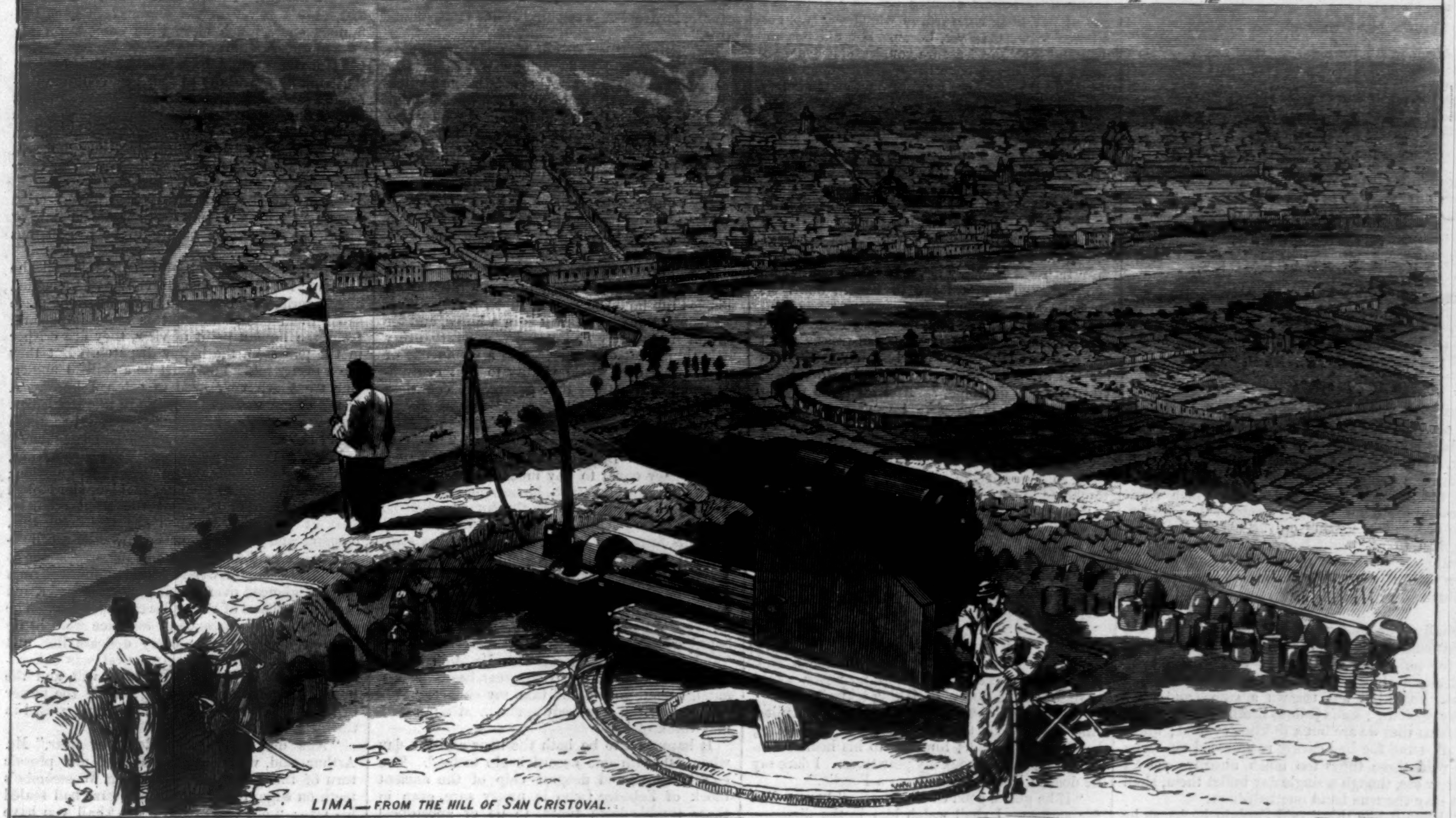

Done everything


Awaiting the Race.

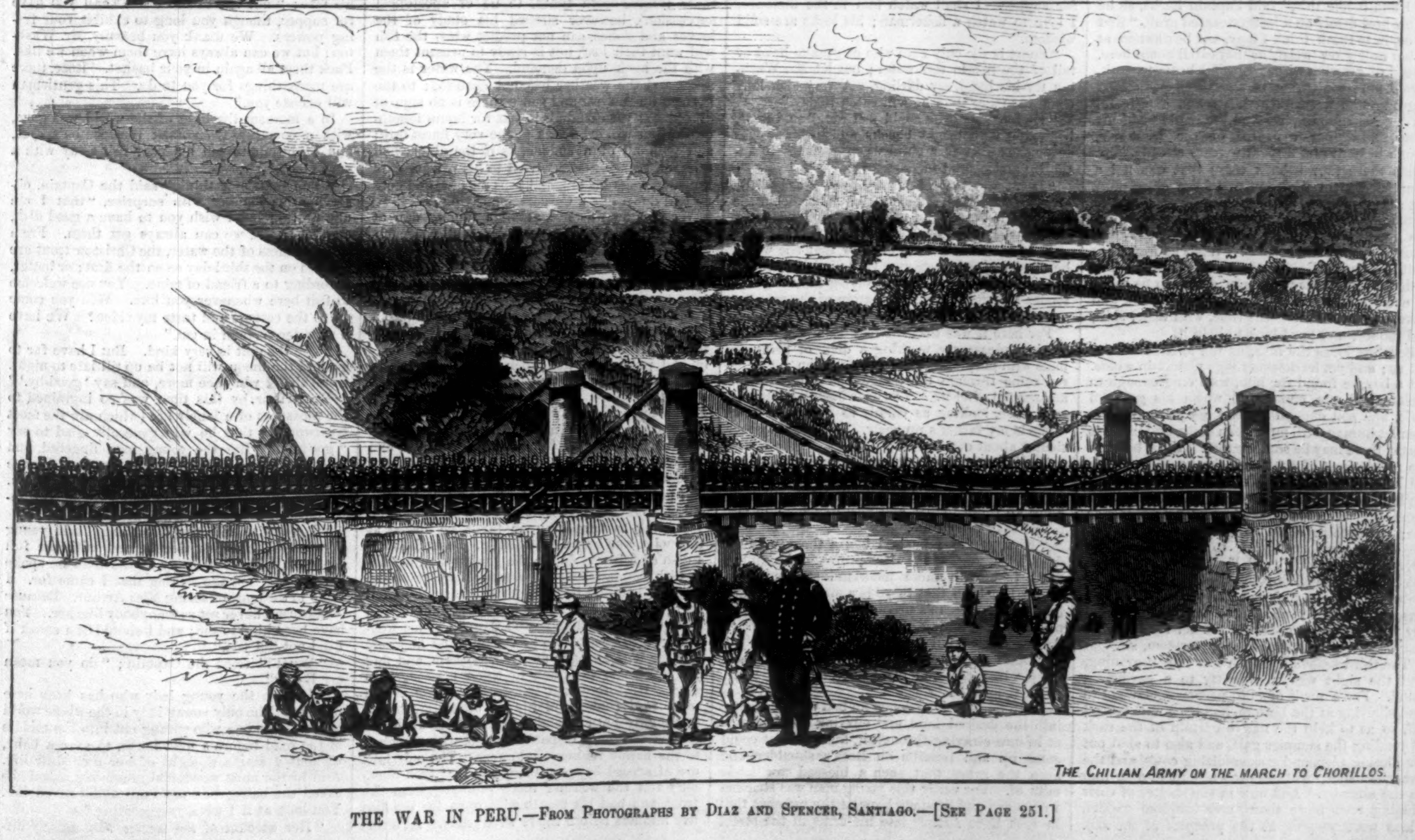
SCENES AT A BOAT-RACE ON THE THAMES.



DOCK AT CALLAO, WITH BATTERY DESTROYED BY THE CHILIANS



LIMA—FROM THE HILL OF SAN CRISTOVAL.



THE CHILIAN ARMY ON THE MARCH TO CHORILLOS.

THE WAR IN PERU.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIAZ AND SPENCER, SANTIAGO.—[SEE PAGE 251.]

THE OLD SHIP.

"The ship is old," he said, "but she and I
Have sailed for many a year the restless deep,
Making our stormy story on the deep;
In doubtful ways, where streaming clouds hung nigh;
In perilous ways, where oft with woful cry
We've heard the drowning sink to their last sleep.

"I think we shall not part: in calm or gale
She has not failed us once through weary years;
She's known my hand upon her helm for years.
Some day, when great winds blow and tempests wail,
While every man stands at his post, we'll sail
Unto that sea whence no man ever steers."

The words rang in my heart; and sleeping so,
I said unto the ship, "In wild woods green
Thy mates in freest life are strong and green;
Their branches in the woods to fresh winds blow,
And at their roots the sweet wild blossoms grow;
In the far forest thou had happier been."

"Not so, not so," the tossing ship replied.
"Though daily winds and storms I have withstood,
Though oft the battle's storm I have withstood,
Mind of man's mind, together we've defied
The cannon's rage, the tempest's wind and tide.
Grander such life than blowing in the wood.

"The forest trees shall find a slow decay.
I shall go down at once: the mighty deep
Shall find me room below her lowest deep:
I and the noble hearts I bear, some day,
Doing our very best, shall pass away,
And men in honor shall our memory keep."

The dream was but a parable. Dear heart,
The sternest duty is the sweetest rest;
The constant duty is the surest rest:
Be glad if storm and struggle are thy part;
If Death should walk with Duty, do not start.
Called from thy work! Ah, surely that is best!

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE BRINK, AND OVER IT.

Ignorant of all plots against him, and even of any occasion for them, Captain Larks was proceeding steadily with the garden labors of the year. For May is a month of urgent call and claim from every rooted being, whether from under the blurred and mottled sky which man spreads over them, or from beneath the clearer blue of nature's glazing only. This is the time for man to rise right early in the morning, to breathe crisp air, and tread fresh earth, and do keen work that shall brighten up his heart with beauty and with goodly relish in the time of resting.

Shall we be content to maunder, and to let the right hand flag among the many works that claim it, for no better reason than some petty flout within ourselves? Somebody has run down our work; some boy has thrown a stone, and sped away rejoicing; some jealous brother of the spade declares that we are but a tinkling cymbal; worst of all, some foe has darkly re-assessed us, when we paid three times too much already—yet all these woes, though a single day inflict them, shall not stay the true hand one half-hour.

"I find it like this," said Captain Larks, as he set his heel firmly on a leather-coated grub, "that if I begin to think, think I may, and be nowhere at all, but only grow 'weist,' as they call it about here, instead of growing wise. But if I begin to work, there I am; something to show, and something to grow; and a thankful heart and a peaceful spirit. Now for the last and the maddest of my crazes, according to some of the wiseacres, though in bare fact a great success already."

Has there ever been a craze that was not a great success in the opinion of the crazy one? Not that the Captain deserved to be so called by reason of his present crotchet; for verily there was good sense in it, as well as small risk, and much beautiful amusement. What he wanted to establish was an English vineyard, the which used to flourish many centuries ago, and is to be heard of, every now and then, as flourishing here and there, down to the present time, with taste, skill, and money, and good luck to help it.

Bacchus loves the hills, as the ancient writers tell us; and yet he detests rough mountain winds. Let a bay be found for him, with crag enough to shelter, and sun enough to warm his graceful curls, and soil enough to feed his juicy growth; then let human skill nurse him daily, and in a fine season there may be some grapes. Here, beneath the rough crest of the moor, the home and shelter had been found, the nurture of light shelf-land, and reflected warmth of sun, whenever he came out. However, there had been no grapes as yet; but nothing could be simpler than the reason—they were not going to begin too soon. "Everybody knows," said Mr. Arthur, "what is the consequence of allowing the vine to fruit prematurely. Eager young people, like my daughter Rose, may long to see a dozen bunches upon every vine, before the stem is thicker than a knitting-needle. But that is not my system, sir."

The third season's growth was now beginning, and the sight was very pretty to a gardening mind. For a nook of cliff, perpendicular above and shelving at the bottom, had been well fenced off, so as to help the native curtain of the rock in fending the summer gale, and also to shut out wandering pigs, and gormandizing cows, and the graceless sheep without even a horn to drag him to the altar by. And now in the shelter of their sloping nest more than three hundred maiden vines were peeping at the prospect of the sky. Whether should they come out of bud, throw forth another joint of growth, with a heel of leaf to stand upon, and a comb (like the fringes of a moth) to go on with; or whether should they abide a wee bit longer within the golden eider of their mantles, and thus reserved, give the sun to understand that his meaning was kind and cordially welcome, but not yet established against white frost. Some did the one thing, and some did the other, according to the impetuosity of sap.

What a pleasure it is to see a man look happy! Partly, no doubt, because that pleasure is so scarce. But now Captain Larks, with his leathern apron on, and leather behind him for to sit upon, and a great many pockets full of everything he wanted, sat down among his vines, and did look happy. For these came along the ground, not ramping upward, neither flabbing downward with a dissolute redundancy, but curt, and vigorous, and robust, with every joint as ripe as a boiled ox-tail. Like the fingers of a star they were spread above the earth, led horizontally to catch ground heat, at a height of about nine inches; and a man might sit upon the ground among them, and lift his head, as in an orchestra of fiddling, and thank the Lord who made him for the better music here.

"Father, I tell you once more that you are too bad when you get into this dreadful corner," young Rose almost shouted out, so jealous was she of this little vineyard, in which she was not allowed to work as yet, because she did not understand it; "and I assure you, without exaggeration, that I must have been half an hour looking for you; and here you are, just as if nobody ever had serious business to attend to."

"Well, let us have the serious business. I see a great deal too serious here." The Captain had found five snails stuck together, looking into one another's windows, as they will.

"I intend to come up, though I dare say you don't want me," cried Rose, as she gathered in her skirts and stepped lightly. "There, now, I have not even frightened a bud. You will have to call me in to help you soon, jealous as you are, dear father. Now my news is that a gentleman is come, who wants leave to fish in our little stream, so please you."

"I can't attend to him now, and I can't have him pushing along through my pear-trees. Don't you see that I have got nearly thirty bushels of old tan to spread along the ground before these vines are one day older? And all to do myself—every bit of it myself. I can't have clumsy fingers here. Tell him to go and fish some other river."

"That would be a nice thing for me to say, papa, to a gentleman who caught me up, when the horse knocked me down so, at Moreton."

"Rose, sometimes you are quite as provoking as a full-grown married woman. Was I to know by instinct who this man is? If he has been kind to you, he may fish forever. Tell him so, with my compliments, and say that when he has done I shall hope to see and thank him. But fishermen never want to be disturbed."

"Perhaps they are like gardeners, then, in that respect. This gentleman's name is Washton, I believe; and he wants some trout for a sick lady. If it were not for that, he never would have taken the liberty of asking leave."

"Fishermen always want fish for sick ladies. And they mainly take the liberty of not asking leave. However, let him fish to his heart's content, if he doesn't hook my pear-trees. I dare say he doesn't know a trout from a Forelle."

"If he gets a good catch, you shall have a dish for supper. I shall watch him in the distance. I love to watch a fisherman; his looks are solid wisdom."

"Short is the only man who can make head or tail of the fish in this water; but let Mr. Washton try his hand, my darling. A very sick lady could eat more than he will catch to-day."

"He looks as if he could fish well," said Rose, hastening with bright cheeks and brilliant eyes—for she still was a child when excited—to authorize and behold the sport, if any.

"Don't rob him of his fish, you greedy little creature," her father shouted after her down the vineyard hollow; "let the sick lady have every one he catches."

Rose kissed her hand to show that she would be obedient, and then at a very nimble pace set off, with her slender form glancing in and out of tender foliage, toward the bottom of the meadow sacred to the good cow Mopsy.

For here it was that she had been at work and singing pleasantly, weaving a disk of primrose buds with purple shade of violets, when a fishing-rod came through the hedge, and a hat full of amazement after it. "You have made a mistake," said Rose, looking as calmly as Mopsy at him; "this is my father's property. We are very particular about our fences."

The ingenuous youth betrayed much confusion, or at any rate tried to do so; and tried very cleverly, with the stern truth against him, that he knew all these things, and now was here in virtue of that knowledge.

"How stupid I am! I beg a thousand pardons," he answered, with profound humility; "but I thought these moorland streams were free. But I see that there is a most lovely place here—a gentleman's private residence. Forgive me; I was thinking of a lady who is ill, and I wanted a few trout so sadly."

"Don't go away; you shall have them," said Rose, "if I can find my father, and if you can catch them."

With admirable patience he had waited, gazing into the desired land, and envying the Christow at leisure straying through it, the cow that could come up and breathe on Rose's shoulder, and even the grass that such a blessed cow made milk of. For verily this young man was stricken with a sad and life-long blow at the moment that he took Rose Arthur into his arms in the street of Moreton. No mere flash of fancy, or dazzle of sight, or sparkle of admiration, but a deep and great power of a loftier existence than his own, and a rapture of ennoblement. For a week he had seemed to be walking in a dream, and his tongue had turned white, though he used it very sparingly. There was no cure for him but a hair of the dog— But out upon such low metaphors!

Now as he sat upon the bank, outside of his paradise, pretending to be busy with his fly-book, he espied through a neat little peep-hole of twigs the maiden of his heart coming back to him. And being at such a respectful distance, he was not afraid to watch her, which the bashfulness of love prevented him from doing at close quarters. Surely there never was till now a form so graceful, a walk of such sweetly flowing elegance, a poise of the head so delicate and maidenly—ah, now she was coming, and he could not look! He would wait for the heavenly music of her voice.

"Plaise, sir, be 'e the young man as wor axing lave vor to vish in this here watter?" The capricious Rose had stopped at home, and sent Moggy to represent her. Jack Westcombe was so vexed that he scarcely cared to answer, but jumped up and stared at Moggy, with cheeks even redder than her own.

"Cos' if 'e be," said Moggy, "Cappen zeth 'e be kindly welcome. And a' will come and look arter 'e, for fraid of 'e kitching of our vroot plantesses."

This little addition was of Moggy's own invention; for she said to herself: "Where be the young chap's manners? A' standeth like a stuck pig, as if I wor a Bartlemy!" Then off she walked, with a sharp toss of her head, and a strong impress of heels upon the soft grass of the meadow. She considered herself a pretty girl, and she liked other people to agree with her.

Westcombe's mind was as reasonable, perhaps, as any mind can hope to be at the age of three-and-twenty, and he might have been sure that no gentleman would have sent him that rude message. At first, however, he turned round in dudgeon, and began to take the fly-collar off his fishing-line; and if there had not been a hitch about this, his life might have hung upon a very different loop. But when a man is in a hurry, and for certain if his hurry be knotted with wrath, every little thing that can converge to a confluence of tangles turns its whole vitality to that centumplication, with a twist that proves the countless multiplicity of the devil.

Now many young fellows would have gnashed their teeth, pulled out a seven-bladed knife, and slashed away. But Jack was gifted with a turn of obstinacy equal to any ingenuity of gut, and instead of growing pettish, he became more calm, while he worked with his fingers expediently. Presently this patience and consideration spread from his fingers to his mind, through that sympathy between them which compels the mind to clinch the fingers when it becomes indignant. And thus he began to see the folly and the littleness of taking offense where none is offered.

"The Captain is fond of his little joke, perhaps," he said to himself, taking up his rod again; "and probably he agrees with Dr. Johnson in the greatest mistake of that great bear. Never mind, I shall go on, and take my chance. Possibly I may see somebody again, or at any rate I may think of her."

It happened to be both the hour and the day when fish with one accord begin to feed. The eldest, truest, and deepest chip of the ancient block of Zebedee (who is pretty sure, even in these tumble-down times, to be of apostolical succession), however shrewd his study of the loaves and fishes, can not predict when the fish will want their loaf, but is ready to present them with the hook upon demand. The water is the same, and the weather has not changed; to the keenest human eye and sense there is no sign of difference; yet certain is it that for hours together no trout will even look at the very finest fare; and then all of a sudden, as if the dinner-bell rang, off scampers every trout to his private napkin-ring, wags his tail, and fans his fins, and goes up and down like a Corporation saying grace.

Westcombe was not at all a mighty dab at angling. That noble absorption of all conscious existence upon the behavior of a small cock's hackle, that absolute devotion of entire brain and heart to the humors of a slippery speckle beginning to outgrow a tadpole, those high and wondrous powers of nature which turn a man into a fisherman, had not been vouchsafed to this young fellow. However, he could throw a fly very neatly, and pull out a fish when the hook stuck in him; and, elated with unusual success, he worked away to surpass all previous record. And at least a score of trout were considering with gasps the texture of a Plymouth basket by the time that he came to the Captain's draw-bridge, and doubted about going higher up the stream. For here were flower beds, and pretty walks of gravel, and pet places looked upon by the cottage windows.

Fearing to trespass upon favor, he turned at this point, and began considering. Beyond doubt, a dish of fish was due to the good owner, together with the decency of thanks for his permission. And yet it would be an awkward thing to march up to the door, knock, and introduce himself, and seem to want to disturb the Captain in his well-known retirement. So he thought that he would fish for half an hour down the stream, and find perhaps some workman or some messenger to send. He forgot that the weather which makes trout feed (unaccountably as aforesaid) has a thoroughly natural and rational effect upon the British workman, dispatching him, without delay, to the happy realms of slumber. The only failure of accord between them was that Sam Slowbury felt the weather more promptly than the trout, and had his mouth wide open for the flies five minutes before theirs were ready. At a corner of the brook, about an hour ago, the fisherman either heard or seemed to hear a very loud sound in the distance of the land, regular and to some extent harmonious, which he took for the roaring of a bull upon the moor.

"At it again. It is really too bad," suddenly Jack Westcombe heard a lively voice pronouncing. "An hour and a half is his allowance after dinner, and now he must have been four hours at it solidly, not to mention all his little dozes on his shovel. Rose, if you insist upon my keeping such a fellow, I shall call upon you to pay his wages."

"But think of all the very small Slowburys, papa. And if he is not very quick, remember how thoroughly good-natured and quiet he is."

"Quiet, indeed? Do you call that quiet? I call it the very loudest snore I ever heard. And here is the gentleman fishing. I was coming to look for you and thank you, Mr. Washton, for your kindness to my dear child the other day. Don't think me ungrateful for having been so long. I expected to have seen you further up long since, and being very busy, I forgot how time goes by. You might have filled your basket up the brook by this time. I hear the trout leaping there continually."

"Oh, thank you, I have done quite as well as I could wish. I fear that you will think me very greedy when you see them. I am sure I am very much obliged to you, sir. May I go to your door, and leave a few with the servant? I have had famous sport, much more than enough for my dear mother, and all of us."

With these words Jack Westcombe leaped up the bank as gracefully as stiff legs could do it—for the sake of Rose—and with a brave bow, but a very timid glance at her, spread the contents of his basket at her feet. There was not a fish of more than half a pound among them, but still they made a handsome show by reason of their number.

"Many of the poor things are alive," cried Rose. "Surely you don't let them die so slowly? I suppose it is their nature to be caught, but still—"

"Nine fishermen out of ten do it," said the Captain; for he saw that his visitor was troubled and surprised; "but a touch in the right place saves them pain, and what is more important, from the human point of view, they are crisper in the pan from the happy dispatch. But they are a pretty lot. You must be a skillful angler. Our trout are very hard to catch, I know. A friend of mine says that they are like the ladies. Sometimes they won't look at you, and then again—but never mind. He is an ancient bachelor."

Westcombe stole a clever glance at Miss Arthur, to ask what her opinion was upon this question; but being a diffident young maiden, she looked down, and began to count the trout sedately. Just at the moment when she was doing this, opening and closing her rosy lips like a school-girl doing arithmetic, and jogging one finger at every little fish, the westerly sun, gliding out from a cloud, glanced over the dance of the water, and through a tissue of young leaves, upon her. The sweetness and innocence of her face were lit up like an opening rose; every delicate line and soft clear color of the perfect oval was enlivened with thoughtful pleasure, kind will, and the bloom of faith in everything; while the power of loving, as none but women can love, waited in the clear depth of her eyes.

"Now don't be greedy, Rose, my dear," Mr. Arthur said, with a truly parental and prosaic turn of thought, which set young Westcombe's teeth on edge, for his rapturous gaze had sealed his fate; "not one of those fish shall you have for supper, though you long to exhibit your frying powers. We thank you heartily, Mr. Washton; but we can always have them when we like. Pack them all again in your basket. Rose, there are many things for you to do. This gentleman will excuse you."

In a moment the light of the world was gone, with a courtesy, from Jack Westcombe's eyes, and he began to put his poor fish away with a very gloomy air.

"You must not think," said the Captain, observing his manner with surprise, "that I am ungrateful; but I wish you to have a good dish, and, as I said, we can always get them. From the freshness of the water, the Christow trout are as good on the third day as on the first; or better, according to a friend of mine. You are welcome to fish here whenever you like. Will you come up to the cottage and taste my cider? We have a very decent ham in cut."

"The thought is very kind. But I have far to go, and the moon will not be up till late to-night. I will thank you once more, and say 'good-by.'"

Mr. Arthur by this time was so ingrained to the pleasures of a lonely life (which are the most trustworthy) that he was generally glad to say "good-by." But the young man lingered, and looked at him; and observing him now for the first time closely, the elder took a liking to him. In spite of wide philosophy and vast philanthropy, most of us like or dislike at first touch.

"I want to tell you one thing," said young Westcombe, blushing deeply, and with the full sense of it, looking firmly at the man he spoke to: "it was not the fishing that I came for. I came in the hope of seeing Miss Arthur. Because—because I never yet saw anybody like her. You have been kind to me; and I should be a sneak if I did not tell you."

"What!" cried the Captain; "do you mean my Rose?"

"I mean the young lady who has been here with us. The only young lady in the whole world to me. The one who sprang out into the middle of the road before a mad horse, to save a baby, without a single thought of her own dear life. And by the most wonderful presence of mind she saved the baby; but the Lord alone saved her. You look as if I were exaggerating."

"Her account of the matter was entirely different." Mr. Arthur spoke coldly; but the quick warmth of pride in his daughter flushed over his cheeks and brow.

"Of course it was. She made it out to be nothing. Her nature would compel her to do that," Westcombe exclaimed, as if he knew the maiden ten times better than her father did. "My dear sir, I saw the whole of it, although I was too far off to stop it; and I tell you there never was a grander thing done by any one so young and so beautiful."

"I scarcely see how that last point bears upon the merits of the exploit," Mr. Arthur answered, with a little of the bluntness which always comes of solitude; "however, I am glad to hear that my daughter did her duty."

"It was not her duty. It is no one's duty to risk a precious life in that way. I beg your pardon for going on about it. The difference is that I saw it, and you hear of it. And because there was no fuss made about it, you think that I exaggerate."

"I think nothing of the kind. I know the nature of my child. And I thank you, sir, for valuing it. Also I thank you for your manly truth and honesty in telling me what has brought you here. But I grieve to say—because I like you, and you remind me of a dear old friend—that you must not come here any more."

"I hope, sir—I beg of you," the young man answered, noticing the kind but resolute look of the elder with a wistful glance, "not to think ill of me because I came this morning under false pretenses. I never did anything like that before, and now that I think of it I am quite ashamed. I tried to do without it, and I really fought against it. But ever since that day at Moreton I have not been like myself."

"I forgive you most freely for that little crime," Mr. Arthur replied, with a hearty smile: "it was nothing but a young man's trick. Another thought would have put a stop to it."

"Then why am I to come no more? I will pledge my honor to do nothing under-handed. I tell you the truth. I shall never care for any one in all the world except your daughter. It will make no difference in my feelings if I have to wait fifty years for her. At the same time, I beg to state that I hope to get her sooner, but without attempting anything outside your knowledge. I know well enough that I am not to be compared with her in any of the higher attributes. And I know her too well to suppose that she would think twice of any of the lower ones. But, for all that, I am not going to be discouraged. My father never meant a thing without going through with it. And I am as like him as two peas, though not to be compared with him for goodness."

"Your father must have been a peculiar gentleman, if you resemble him in character."

"My father is living, sir, and not at all peculiar. Unless it is peculiar to be brave and upright, generally admired, and universally beloved. He is not known yet upon this side of Dartmoor; but everybody knows him in the western parts; and his name will last forever in the history of the war. You may have heard of Colonel Westcombe."

"What a wooden brain I have!" thought Mr. Arthur, sitting down to hide a change of countenance; "so much stooping dims perception. He is the very image of his father, though brighter colored and better-looking. Once and for all, it must be stopped."

Meanwhile Jack was looking brightly at him, and saying to his hopeful heart, "Come, now, I put it very mildly; but it must tell for something."

"My daughter told me that your name was 'Washton,' and she very seldom makes mistakes." Mr. Arthur went into this side issue partly perhaps to get time for thinking.

"The Moreton people, when they found my name out," Jack replied, with a quiet smile, "made 'Wasshcum' of it, with a sharp a, as in 'cash,' according to their manner of pronouncing. And so, I dare say, it got into 'Washton.' We seem to speak better upon our side of the moor. You should come over and hear us, sir."

"I fear that there is no chance of it. You are a very young man, and I shall very soon be an old one. It would grieve me that your father's son, or indeed that any gentleman, should have reason to believe me churlish. I will tell you, if you will promise to keep what I tell you in strict confidence, even from your father, why you must never come here more."

"I will give you my honor, sir, not to speak of it to any one."

"Thank you: I know that I can trust you. The reason is simply this. Very strange circumstances, which I must not enter into, have made it the first duty of my life to obliterate myself entirely—to conceal my existence—to desire to be dead, except for one pure, precious sake. While I live in this way, my child must do the same. Not that I shall sacrifice her better life to mine. If she gives her heart to any one, and he is worthy of her, they shall not find me an obstacle. But as yet she is too young to judge, or even think of it. And I have a right to keep her to myself, and to live as the story of my life demands, until my child's welfare compels me to do otherwise. I see that you clearly understand me."

"I am trying to do so," the young man answered, with a very dismal gaze at him; "and I am sure that I am very much obliged to you for trying to explain it. But I can not see why I should be forbidden to come any more, if I do no harm, and do not even see the young lady. It seems very hard, as you must acknowledge. Even to see the house where she lives, and to get a glimpse of your hat, without coming near you, would be the greatest comfort to me, and give me some idea of kindness. I am sure that you have known my father, sir, from the manner of your eyes just now; and I never yet met anybody who had known him without liking him."

"You are right, my lad, I have known your father well," Mr. Arthur answered, warmly; "and a nobler man I never knew, and that is why I trust you. The greatest mistake in the world is to allow, when once the mind is made up, a middle course. And I will have nothing of that sort now. But if it will do you any good, or ease your mind, to be upon my premises now and then, for the purpose of catching a fish or two, I am not sure that I should prosecute you. Only of course you must confine yourself strictly to your angling, and only come just now and then, at considerable intervals, and feel yourself entirely on your honor when you do come."

"I thank you with all my heart, and I will observe your conditions strictly. I shall make a point of never coming more than once a week, and of never intruding on your pleasure-grounds. And if I ever send a few fish to the house, it shall be quite anonymous, and by the man that snores so. You have taken a great weight off my mind, and I tell you fairly that I mean to hope; but nothing whatever shall be done without your knowledge." Jack Westcombe tried to wring the Captain's hand, but got the worst of that, for of all things potting is most hardening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

THE scenes and incidents shown on our double page frequently take place on our sea-coast during the winter months, and illustrate a story of wreck and rescue often reported in simple words in the official records of the operations of the Life-saving Service.

A ship, after a gallant struggle through nearly all the long hours of a stormy night, in darkness made almost black by the driving sleet or snow, ends her voyage by striking upon an outlying reef, on which the sea breaks in great surges, which pound and wrench her hull, and threaten her with speedy destruction. The first shock involves her in a maze of broken spars and fallen rigging. Her boats are swept away by the raging seas, and her terrified people, powerless to make their own escape, cling to such spars and rigging as yet remain standing, and implore help with wild cries, and by such signals of distress as may be at hand. Their voices are smothered in the roar of the surf, but the flare of a torch or the gleam of a rocket quickly catches the watchful eyes of the constant patrolman of the Life-saving Service, who has been toiling in his lonely vigil along the beach in dread expectation of discovering the signal of distress he now beholds, and at once answers with his Coston light, the red glare of which gladdens the hearts of the distressed mariners. The patrolman, spurred on by the urgency of the occasion, hastens toward his station, unmindful of the obstructions so common to the beach in stormy weather, and which he had been plodding through slowly and laboriously in his outward march. Anxiously the ship-wrecked await the succor of which the red light of the patrolman's signal gave promise. And as the first gray streak of the dawn appears, their chilled blood quickens with the warmth of renewed hope as they behold the life-boat, by this time off to the rescue, and, urged on by stout hearts and strong arms, is gallantly mounting the white crests of the high watery ridges, or descending their smooth slopes into the green hollows between. Occasionally obscured from the view of the imperiled survivors of the wreck, by clouds of spray or mountainous waves, her merciful errand seems defeated, and despair and hope alternately possess them, until the final joyful moment of their deliverance by their brave rescuers.

These exciting scenes are varied, however, according to the distance of a wreck from the shore. If a vessel strikes within the reach of the shot and lines of the beach apparatus, the limit of usefulness of which is usually confined in heavy gales to four hundred yards, a rescue is usually handsomely effected.

The beach apparatus is comparatively a simple mechanical combination of ropes and pulleys, with a small cannon for throwing a shot with a line attached to it. Simple as the whole arrangement appears, it can only be used effectively by the practiced hands of well-drilled men. The firing of the wreck gun is the first step in this method of making connection between a wreck and the shore. The shot—a long iron bolt—goes whizzing through the air, dragging after it a light but strong line, which rarely fails to drop within the reach of the cast-away sailors, who are thus enabled to haul on board the wreck a larger line, doubled through a single pulley block, which is quickly attached to some convenient portion of the wreck, according to printed directions on a tally-board attached to the block. The life-saving men now have an endless line running through the block on the wreck and another on shore, by which they haul out to the wreck a still stouter but a single line, which the sailors make fast above the other, as directed by a second tally-board. It only remains for the men on shore to straighten this line to a proper height above the breakers by the aid of tackles already in place, and all is ready for the rapid transit of the breeches-buoy or life-car, as occasion may require, along the single line, or hawser, by means of the double or endless line, technically called "a whip," and the rescue is quickly accomplished. This method, which usually occupies but a few minutes in its preparation by the well-trained men of the service after their arrival at the scene of a wreck, is illustrated in the sketch entitled "A Morning's Work," in which the life-saving crews are more frequently engaged than is generally known to the public, for, as a rule, the greater number of wrecks occur in the hours between midnight and daybreak. Rescues at night, however, are not uncommon both with the beach apparatus and the life-boat. Considerable risk usually attends the use of the latter when the darkness is such that the steersman, upon whose skill everything depends, can not always avoid the heavy breakers, which, like hidden foes, suddenly leap upon him, and overturn his boat or hurl it back to the shore. Two fatal disasters have occurred to the life-boats in the night-time.

In one, on the coast of North Carolina, seven lives were lost, the boat reaching the strand uninjured, while the men perished without their life-belts, which, in their haste to reach the wreck, they had neglected to put on. Recently three station-men perished on the coast of Cape Cod, after their boat had been capsized by the lurching of a vessel's spar, which it was impossible to avoid. On the occasion of an early morning rescue on Lake Huron, a boat was capsized, and drifted on shore with but one survivor, the keeper of the life-saving station. His men, six in number, were chilled to death in the icy-cold water, though buoyed up by their life-belts.

There are but few who can fully understand the severe labor which attends all the rescues by the life-saving men. Their steady work in patrolling the coast is an arduous duty under the most favorable circumstances, and becomes toilsome and often hazardous during storms which force the seas over the low beaches, causing sluiceways and quicksands, through which the patrolman must grope his way, contending against fierce winds and blinding snow or sleet. After a wreck is reported at a station, the men are turned out of their beds in warm quarters, to encounter the storm, and haul the beach apparatus in its cart, or the life-boat on its carriage, over and through the same impediments which beset the path of the patrolman who gave the alarm. Such night journeys are sometimes miles in extent, and the men arrive at the scene of a wreck so worn out and spent that the excitement of the more important work at hand alone enables them to bear up and proceed with the operations for the rescue. Indeed, the efficiency of the life-saving service is mainly due to that inbred humanity common to the coast-men which prompts them to a willing obedience to the regulations of the service, as well as to lead them to engage in its work.

The wages they receive are too insignificant to attract them toward an employment which demands their constant vigilance and labor, and even the sacrifice of their lives. And it is a noteworthy fact that there are many men in the service who are comparatively rich in worldly goods, who leave comfortable homes to undergo the discomforts of life in the stations, because they enjoy the excitement and self-satisfaction of relieving the distressed and rescuing imperiled lives. And even those of the service whose support is principally derived from the low wages of the service freely share their own scant store of clothing and provisions among the wretched human waifs who come to them from wrecks, often naked and hungry. However well clad the rescued men may be, they always require dry clothing, which the station-men supply, and seldom regain. This generosity of the life-saving men has never been recognized by the government by indemnities for frequent losses. But the ladies of the country have recently moved in this matter by the organization of the Women's National Relief Association, which has already provided several of the stations with various articles of clothing, to be supplied to those who may reach the stations in wet garments, or wholly destitute of them. This is a noble work, which deserves promotion by liberal contributions of money, as well as clothing and restoratives.

THE WAR IN PERU.

ON page 249 we present our readers with a series of interesting views from the seat of war in Peru. The victorious Chilians, who were represented as being eager to sack the beautiful city of Lima, and reduce it to ashes, have behaved exactly as a brave and chivalrous people would be expected to treat an unfortunate and prostrate enemy. They have, it is true, imposed hard terms upon the Peruvians, and propose to occupy their principal cities until the utmost penalty is paid; but the moment Lima surrendered, all hostilities ceased. There was no pillage, no destruction of buildings. Good order was at once established in Lima and Callao, and life and property were as secure as before the invading army took possession.

It is to be hoped that the destructive war that has just ceased will lead to the establishment of a union among the South American republics under one general government. This would make a powerful nation, and instead of wasting their strength in useless wars, the several states could unite in developing their vast natural resources and educating their people.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Cairo, Egypt, leaves the impression that the Khedive has awakened to appreciation of the value of Pyramids, obelisks, and that sort of property, as relics of other ages—if not as sources of revenue. It is said that the sum of ten thousand dollars has been allotted by a special provision in the budget for the forth-coming year to cover the expense of placing guards over the antiquities scattered through his dominions. An order has already been given to repair the road to the Pyramids, the last mile of which has long been impassable. The correspondent suggests that, in the event of an improvement in the finances of the country, the antiquities may be inclosed with substantial walls, and admission fees levied on all visitors. The suggestion also is made that a toll-gate might be set up on the improved road to the Pyramids.

Count Jaraczewski died the other day in London. He came to that city many years ago, and all that was known about him was that he was the companion of an elderly Pole, of whom little was ever known there except that he had Count Jaraczewski for a companion. The count was introduced one evening at a club, where he won twenty thousand pounds at cards. He afterward played with an appearance of recklessness, and he acquired a sort of distinction by always paying his gaming debts. This made him popular with the men, and he danced with such elegance that the ladies nearly adored him. When his finances ran low, he hied himself away for a short season, to visit his mother in her Polish château, as he explained, and have his purse replenished. This was generally regarded as a fiction, and the journals of gossip are wondering how the inveterate gambler managed to keep his purse in such good condition. One of these papers, however, offers the simple and apparently rational solution that the count probably won a good deal more than he lost.

An English newspaper prints a letter from this country giving an elaborate elucidation of the 13-15-14 puzzle, with diagrams and equations intended to show when you will do it, and when you will go crazy first.

The late Drouyn de Lhuys, it is said, had more crosses to bear than any man in Europe. One hundred and fifty of them had been conferred on him, and when he was buried, the lid of his coffin was not broad enough to accommodate the number.

It is said that there is a boy in St. Paul, Minnesota, whose left hand has the properties of a magnet. The peculiar feature of the case is that the magnet does not discriminate between such articles as pocket-knives and such less attractive things as coal-scuttles and stove-griddles.

Woman is not without political influence in Arizona, if a paper of the Pacific coast is accurate in saying that the Council refused, on party grounds, to confirm four of the Governor's appointments, "but let Buffum" (the fifth in the batch) "through on the fact of his having a Democratic wife."

The Rajah of Burmah, it would seem, doesn't fully appreciate the utility of postal cards. Recently when he had occasion to drop a line to the Viceroy of India he enveloped his communication in two hollow elephant tusks fitted with a gold cover, costing about a thousand dollars.

Referring to the proposed visit of King Kalakaua to that country, the *Japan Gazette* hoped that this "chieftain of some 50,000 or 60,000 semi-barbarous people" would not be received at court, and thus placing him on an equality with the princes of Europe "and the still greater head of the American republic." Another Japanese paper, the *Mail*, trusted that he would be received with kingly honors.

President Garfield devotes a part of his leisure to horseback riding. It has not been customary for Presidents to share their saddles with others, so that he is thus able to get away from the office-seekers for brief intervals, thanks to the respect for precedent.

About two-thirds of the graduates of the Normal School in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, are women. The other third recently conceived the idea of forming a society, and lest some of the woman graduates should fancy themselves eligible to membership, they proposed to make their exclusion doubly exclusive by styling themselves the "Bridgewater Male Alumni Association."

A question which sorely puzzled the English press—that of the proper designation to be applied to the young husband of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—is said to have been authoritatively settled by the inscription on the white satin ribbon which accompanied a slice of wedding cake that was received by a banker in this country: "With the compliments of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Burdett-Coutts Bartlett."

If Mother Shipton had ever lived and prophesied, her memory would now be at its greenest. A few nights ago the persons on foot in a street in Montreal were startled by seeing a tall column of fire leap from the ground. They were nearly prostrated, and the jingle of the Mother Shipton rhymes sounded in their ears till the gas was turned off from the burst main.

It is proposed to light the Louisiana Jockey Club race-course with electricity, and have some of the races run at night.

An editorial writer on spring topics speaks of the shad and the swallows coming "twittering Northward from their winter home in the sweet South." Perhaps these singing fish were merely practicing the scales.

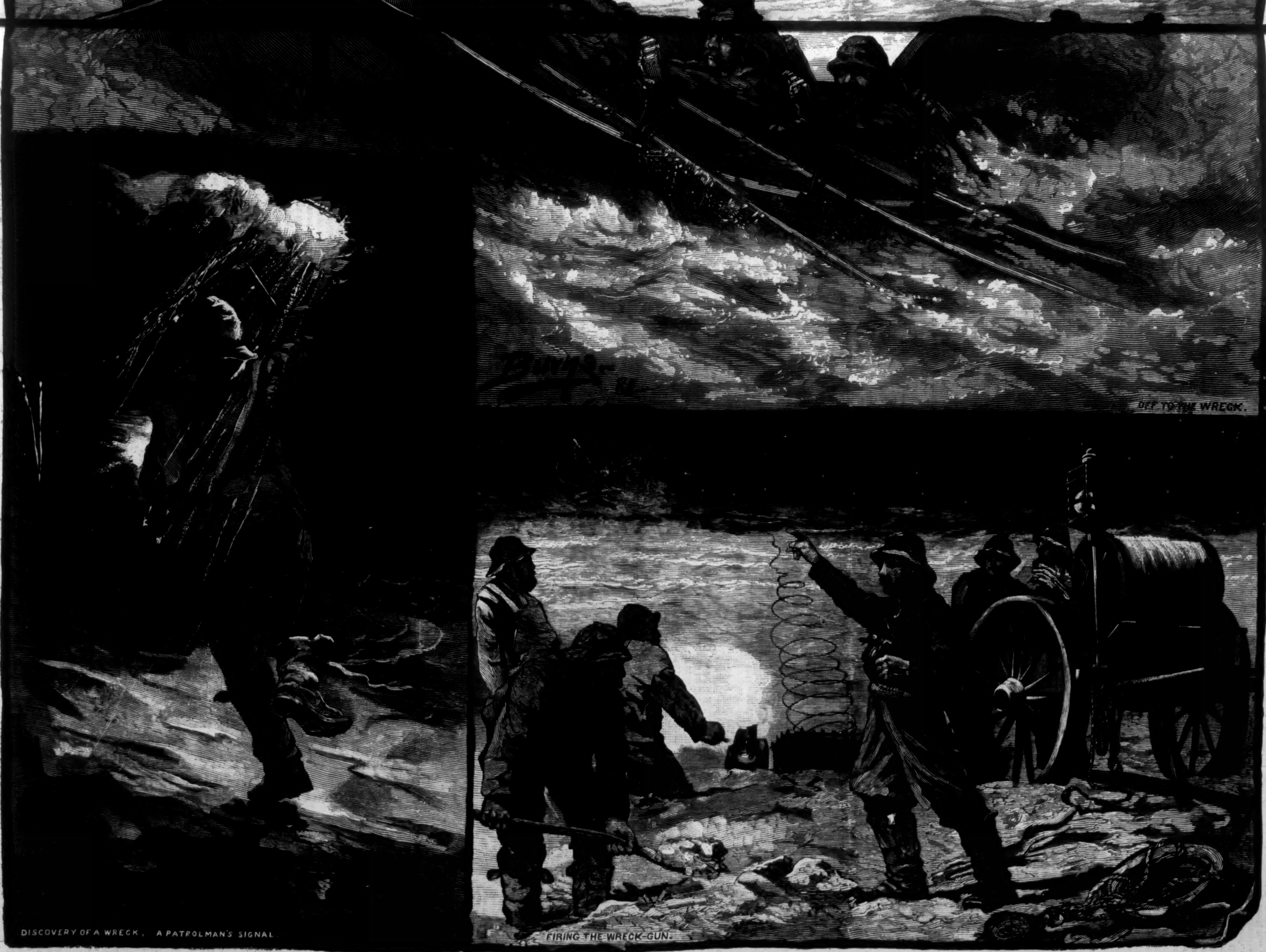
This brief obituary is reproduced in full from a Missouri newspaper: "The deceased was drunk all day Monday, and died in a state of intoxication."

The students of Harvard University are to perform the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles in the original Greek, "as it was presented in Athens." It is expected that the Boston school-girls will find great pleasure in noting how that master of the Greek drama blended the delicate yet overpowering pathos of Euripides with the sombre and awful sublimity of Æschylus.

At a small dinner party given not long ago by the Viscount Rochefoucauld, the massive silver plates came on the table so hot, after the earlier courses, that the guests' fingers were burned. This led to the discovery that most of the ancestral plate had been stolen, and that to furnish dishes for one course it was necessary to hastily wash those used in the preceding course. Several of the plates were found in pawn.

Mrs. Batchelder, of Bangor, Maine, a go-as-you-please talker of local repute, has had her husband arrested for attempting to pull out her tongue. Perhaps he merely wanted to see whether she could hold her tongue in an emergency.

A London publisher has issued a *Directory of Directors*, and an English paper, commenting on the list of names, says that a "handful of city men monopolize the bulk of the prizes" in the way of directorships, one enterprising barrister being a director in no less than sixteen companies. The same paper wonders how these men manage to apportion the day so as to devote a minimum of time to each company which they are presumed to aid in directing. A not less curious showing in this city would be a directory of receivers and referees, and it would appear that the men who make a business of receiving for bankrupt concerns and of taking testimony as referees have nearly as snug a business as the handful of monopolists whose names appear in the London *Directory of Directors*.

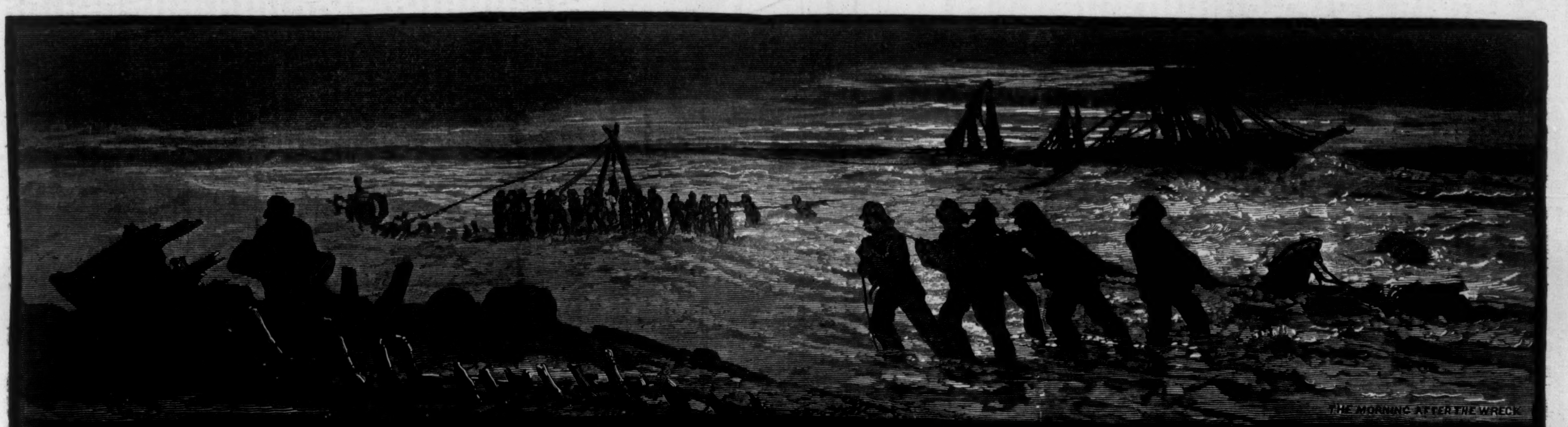


DISCOVERY OF A WRECK, A PATROLMAN'S SIGNAL.

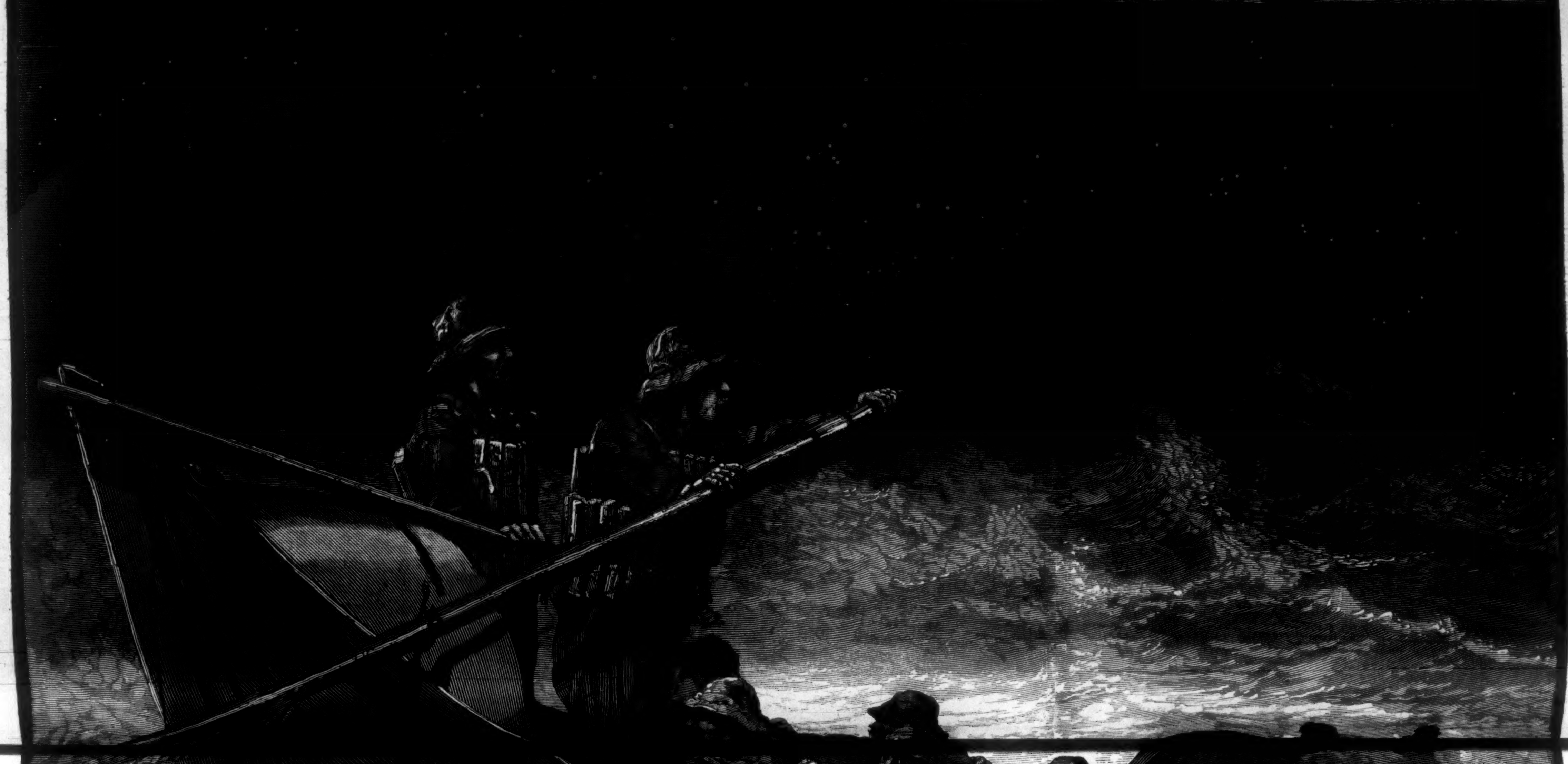
FIRING THE WRECK-GUN.

OFF TO THE WRECK.

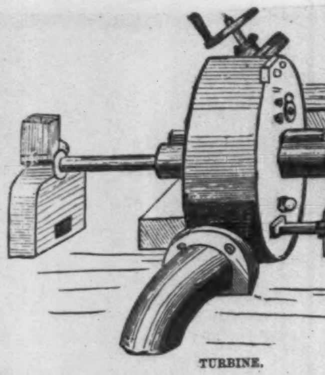
PERILS OF THE COAST—THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 251.]



THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK.



MR. SWAN'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.



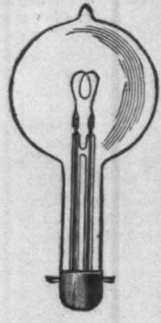
TURBINE.

For many years past the question of lighting by electricity has taxed the ingenuity of inventors, who have constructed numbers of lamps which were rendered luminous either by the electric arc or flame being produced between two pieces of carbon, or by some substance in the lamp becoming incandescent. Two years since, however, Mr. Swan, of Newcastle, England, exhibited before the Literary and Philosophical Society, under the presidency of Sir William Armstrong, a new form of lamp, in which the light was produced by the white heat of a continuous carbon conductor inclosed in a small hermetically sealed lamp. Mr. Swan's lamp, however, was not by any means the first lamp constructed on this principle, as many previous attempts had been made to utilize incandescent material, but never before had the difficulty of preventing the wasting of the carbon been so effectually surmounted.

Mr. Swan devoted himself assiduously to improving his lamp until he succeeded in bringing it into actual application for house and shop lighting. Thus Mr. Steven, of Birkenhead, who aided Mr. Swan in the elaboration of his lamp, has lighted his house in this manner for several months past, while the business establishment of Dowson & Swan at Newcastle has been thus lighted uninterruptedly since October.

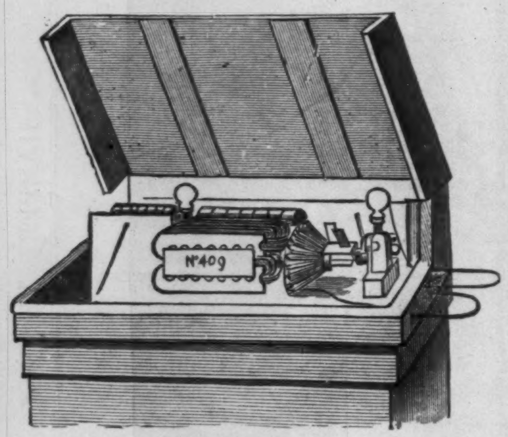
The largest and most complete application of the system, however, has been the lighting of Sir William Armstrong's mansion at Cragside, which is depicted in our illustration on page 256. The electric current is generated by one of Siemens's dynamo-electric machines, shown below, to which the motive power is supplied by a turbine of six-horse-power worked by the overflow of a lake three-quarters of a mile distant from the house. The dynamo machine is placed close to the turbine, and the electricity is conducted by a double line of copper wires to the house.

Mr. Swan's lamp is exceedingly simple, as it consists of a bulb of glass about two inches in diameter, containing a thin carbon conductor supported by two platinum wires, which, where they pass out of the bulb, were hermetically sealed into its wall by fusion of the glass around the wires. The air contained in the bulb was thoroughly exhausted, and the consequence is a degree of durability in the carbon and an absence of sooty deposit on the glass.



ELECTRIC LAMP.

The chief peculiarity of this lamp is the wonderfully thin and elastic filament of carbon, as thin as a hair, and almost as hard and springy as a steel wire. When the electric current traverses this filament it becomes white-hot, and emits a soft and perfectly steady light. As the bulb contains no air or other gas capable of combining with carbon, the filament does not burn away, but lasts without change for many months—indeed, it becomes harder by continued use. The power of the light depends on the size of the carbon filament—so to speak, the "wick"—and on the quantity of electric current flowing through it. The light emitted does not necessitate the protection of opal or ground glass, though slightly frosted globes are mostly used at Cragside. The Swan lamp can be divided absolutely to any extent without any sacrifice of economy. Each lamp at Cragside has the power of two or three large gas-lights. But it is just as easy, and no less economical, to make the lamps either much smaller or much more powerful. There are forty-five lamps in position. The current is turned on or off the lamps by small switches attached to the wall. It suffices to give one of these a slight turn, and the lamps immediately light up, reverse the movement, and they as quickly die out.



DYNAMO MACHINE.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Amateur Parliaments.—The Tartan.—The Recurrence of Crime.—The Increase of Suicides.—"The Thistle."—Ladies' Clubs.—A Post-mortem Club.—Did Mr. William Black kill the Emperor of Russia?

Among other new publications, undertaken, no doubt, "to supply an obvious void in journalism," is the *Amateur Parliamentary Journal*, a paper, its prospectus informs us, "devoted to the interests of the new popular movement of amateur Parliaments." It seems strange that at the very time when our professional Parliament is having so hard a time of it, and is certainly not growing in public favor, that its imitators should be in such a flourishing condition. But it is quite true that all public palavers, as Carlyle calls them, have a certain fascination for those who take part in them. "When once you have been in the House," once observed an old M.P., "you resent being out of it, and never feel quite comfortable till you are back again in the vitiated air of St. Stephen's." But this is quite independent of any wish to make speeches. It is clear, however, from the *Journal* before me, that the desire of airing their own eloquence, and of being called "the honorable member" for this and that, forms the attraction for amateurs. The "movement," in short, is very similar to those amateur dramatic societies where ambitious young gentlemen were wont to make their débuts as Hamlets and Othellos, at thirty shillings a night, paid by the player. There is a Speaker—which, where everybody wants to speak, must have been an office not easy to fill—a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Ministry, and an Opposition. But with the exception of a few cries of "Bosh!" neither vulgarities nor personalities have at present, it seems, been imported from the parent society. I confess I look upon the *Amateur Parliamentary Journal* with some apprehension, for if it has any influence at all, it will develop the gift of the gab in a country where after-dinner speeches are already a nuisance almost intolerable.

What a little matter will evoke speeches, and even quite a splutter of enthusiasm, was evidenced by the assembly convened at Stafford House the other night against the proposal to abolish "the tartan" in some Highland regiments. A petticoat we know is always sufficient to make mischief; but the amount of indignation raised by this unfortunate proposal seems altogether out of proportion to the cause. The Mackintosh of Mackintosh produced his umbrella—no, his dirk, as did other Highland chieftains, and swore upon it to preserve their colors. The pipers screeched adhesion, and the "Fiery Cross," we are told, "passed round." What this was, except that it must have been something the reverse of "the pipe of peace," is not quite clear, but scoffers have suggested that it was whiskey.

I do hope, now that Lady Burdett-Coutts is married and settled—or at least her money is settled—that she will be permitted to spend the rest of her days in peace. What on earth have the public to do with it even if she *has* given £200,000 away to some one she likes, and married him? The observation made by the old lady who kissed her cow, "Every one to his taste," has found general acceptance; and why should an exception be made in the present instance, which, after all, is not such an extravagant one? This lady has passed her life in pleasing other people, and now, forsooth, at the end of it we find fault with her for pleasing herself, and just for once, for it is to the last degree improbable (though not, it is true, impossible) that she will do it again. The good old homely maxim, by following which (to quote the example that will come home to most people in these days) Rothschild made all his money, seems now to be utterly neglected—"Mind your own business."

A police magistrate remarked to me the other day that criminals had a curious tendency to repeat the same offense, no matter how peculiar. If they once commit sacrilege, they go on robbing churches and poor-boxes forever. You may put before them the most attractive temptations in the way of ordinary burglary, and they will resist them. A mere dwelling-house, or even a shop full of jewelry, does not arouse their propensity for pilfering. Their motto is, "Small profits, but a sacred edifice." This theory has been curiously corroborated by a bigamy case this week, where, it seems, a gentleman, upon coming out of prison (where he had been confined for that very offense), committed it again four times within the year. Most fortunately for him, it turned out that three out of his four wives had the same peculiarity of taste, and had all husbands living when he married them, which invalidated all the ceremonies save one, so that the gay Lothario was made an honest man of (so far as matrimony could do it) in spite of himself.

On the other hand, a young gentleman whose fault lay the other way, and did not want to get married at all, has been severely trounced for his breach of promise. The best that his counsel could say of him was that he was such an egregious donkey that the lady, instead of asking for compensation, ought to have been glad of her escape. He read some letters which, I am bound to say, illustrated his views. One of them, addressed to his beloved object, was quite unique as a billet-doux: "I had a bit of beef to-day. I wish you were here to have a bit. It would be nice cold, with some of the pickled walnuts of your mother's. Tell her to save me a few. I know you will help yourself, for you are such a girl for vinegar." The counsel relied, with some reason, upon this epistle to prove his client's idiocy; but the judge bade the jury remember that "few of them who were married would like their common-sense and business powers to be judged of by the letters they wrote during their engagement to a young woman." I am told that young women in general are not pleased with this judge's remarks.

The increase of suicides among the upper classes has become very marked. Pecuniary losses are certainly the chief cause, and especially those which arise suddenly, that is, from gambling. At Monte Carlo within the last four months there have been no less than nineteen. No one who has watched people playing for more than they can afford (which is the true definition of a gambler), and *who are not used to it*, can wonder at this. The eager eyes, the twitching limbs, the nervous fingers, are all indicative of a want of self-control. It is as foolish for persons of this habit to indulge in games of chance for a large stake as for any one with heart-disease to enter a wrestling ring. The men shoot themselves or drown themselves; the women almost always poison themselves. There have been also several cases of late nearer home, wherein it is doubtful whether the dead man fell by his own hand or that of another. The case of the French duke, the grandson of Marshal Ney, is very curious. I heard it debated the other day among some men of science. First, was it possible for a man to shoot himself through the breast, and afterward through the head? Second, was it possible, after shooting himself with a revolver, to throw it from him? They agreed that the first was possible, but the second not so. If a man shoots himself dead, the revolver *must* be found quite close to him; he has not the power to throw it away. To this there was one dissentient, an Irish doctor. He said he thought it could be done *with practice*.

The vacant "Thistle" has been bestowed upon the Earl of Fife. It is upon this order that the late Lord Derby made his best *mot*. Upon being asked to give the Thistle to a certain noble lord of exceptionally small ability even for a hereditary legislator, he replied, "No, no; he would eat it."

With one exception, the ladies' clubs in London can not be said to have been successes. They offer such obvious opportunities for ladies who are not, or have not been, quite what they should be, to re-instate themselves in society, that it is no wonder they have been taken advantage of for that purpose. The committee need the eyes of Argus, and then there are so many ways of inducing somnolency. For all that, one ladies' club, as I have said, may consider itself a success, and another has just started—the Somerville—which deserves to be. Its object is twofold: first, to offer a quiet resting-place to women in the midst of London when shopping or on business expeditions far from home; second, to present a common ground where women, rich or poor, can come together to discuss questions of interest to all, and learn to know something of their sisters. "All respectable women are qualified for membership, without distinction of class or opinions," and the yearly subscription is but five shillings per annum! Despite the smallness of this charge, the premises have been furnished in excellent taste by the Misses Garrett, and a good library is in course of collection. The institution is named after the famous female mathematician, of course, and not after the author of *The Chase*.

A glowing appeal to persons of genius and celebrity has been issued by the Mutual Autopsy Society of Paris. Having been useful in your lives, it says, "do not refuse to be useful after death," but leave your heads (at least) to the scientific psychologist. "Post-mortems of unknown persons are," it argues, "next to useless; the relations between the structure and the functions of the brain can not be established unless the character and personality of the individual are known and noted." The subscription to this excellent society is only five francs a year, "in return for which any member of it will have his autopsy performed free of charge," provided he is delivered carriage free in Paris. Moreover, "a *procés verbal* of the results of the post-mortem will be drawn up at the lowest price for the information of the family of the deceased." With such attractions to induce a man to join a social club, it seems strange that there should ever be a vacancy.

Next to the finding of Franklin's diary—which I conclude will now never take place—must be reckoned the discovery of the records of Dr. Leichardt, the Australian explorer. It seems to have arisen out of a reward offered by the proprietors of the Sydney *Bulletin*, and if so, should quicken our efforts in similar directions. To "put a little money on it" is nowadays the most likely means of awakening human interest on any subject. The last news received from Leichardt was dated February 26, 1849; so it is after more than thirty years that this record of him has "leapt to light." His "diary, telescopes, and compasses" have all been found some 1300 miles in the interior of Queensland, close to where the line of the overland telegraph now runs, and in a fertile country, so that it is believed his little party perished at the hands of the natives, and not from starvation, as was supposed. A diary written by one of his companions, and discovered in the same place, records Leichardt's death. To judge from the surpassing interest of the paper by Henry Kingsley describing the adventures of another Australian explorer, this discovery should be great news for the readers of travels.

In this miserable business of the assassination of the Emperor of Russia there seems little indeed of bright side. A friend of mine, however—who, like Southey, lives in literature, and never ventures outside it (into such a region as politics, for example)—thinks it will increase the circulation of *Sunrise*, which is all about Nihilism. "It is an ill wind," he says, "that blows nobody good, and, depend upon it, this catastrophe is a fortunate circumstance for Black." Still, from what I know of Mr. William Black, I do not really think he had anything to do with the assassination.

R. Kemble, of London.

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

I thought from Betsey Jane to steal
  One golden curl away,
To place it next my throbbing heart,
  And wear it night and day.

And so, whilst she in slumber lay,
  I stole beside her chair,
And reached my hand in ecstasy
  To touch her shining hair.

But, oh! how shall I tell the tale?—
  From off my Betsey's head,
One moment, and that wealth of curl
  Most suddenly had fled.

In sheer affright I screamed, "Alas!
  What Modoc worse than I?"
And Betsey Jane just then awoke,
  And pierced me with her eye.

"Oh, love," cried I, "pray what is this
  That lies upon the floor?"
Cried she, in rage, "Begone, rash man,
  And come here nevermore!"

Young men, young men, take my advice:
  Whatever else you do,
Don't steal a lock of golden hair,
  Lest you the act should rue.

CATCHING SEAL.

The purchase of Alaska by the United States government in 1867 gave American merchants and ship-owners new and valuable opportunities for the capture of seal. In consequence of the reckless destruction of these animals in regions open to all who chose to hunt them, comparatively few are now to be found elsewhere than on this coast, where they have been preserved from extermination through the care of a company which under the Russian government enjoyed the monopoly of their capture. When, in 1867, negotiations were in progress for the purchase of Alaska, Mr. Haven, a merchant of New London, whose biography has recently been published by the Harpers, under the interesting title of *A Model Superintendent*, corresponded with Secretary Seward to learn if citizens of the United States would be free to hunt seal in that Territory when its transfer was completed. Learning that they would have the desired privilege, Alaska was no sooner ceded than Mr. Haven dispatched two vessels thither, equipped with the necessary crew and appliances for hunting seal. Sitka being the only port of entry, they reported there to General Jefferson C. Davis in command. With his approval they pushed out to St. Paul Island, the great sealing ground, two hundred and fifty miles from the mainland. There they effected the first landing after the purchase, and raised the first American flag. As a result of their venture they soon had 45,000 seal-skins ready for shipping.

Within a short time there were Californians and others on the Alaska sealing grounds, but after a while a combination was formed between Eastern and Western ship-owners, and a lease, dated August, 1870, of St. Paul and St. George islands, was obtained by them from the government, with the exclusive right of seal-catching, under certain restrictions. These two islands are quite isolated, being thirty miles apart, and are little more than barren rocks of the Aleutian range, running from the coast of Alaska toward Kamtchatka. A small population, principally of native Aleutians, a people essentially Esquimaux, occupy these islands, and pursue the seal fishery.

The men work in parties at their seal-killing, being paid according to the number of seals killed. It is said that a skillful Aleut will skin fifty a day. Not only are young seals and females exempt from slaughter, but no seals are killed at their "rookeries," or gathering places on the coast. They must first be driven or coaxed to the "killing grounds" in the interior of the islands, out of sight and out of scent of the coast. This precaution is necessary because of the peculiar sensitiveness and timidity of the seal. "Very strange are these seal," says Dr. Kane, in recording his first killing of one in the polar seas: "a countenance between the dog and the mild African ape—an expression so like that of humanity that it makes gun-murderers hesitate." "Have naturalists ever noticed the expression of this animal's phiz?" he asks, as he tells of the dying look given him by his first victim. "Curiosity, contentment, pain, reproach, despair, even resignation, I thought I saw on this seal's face."

Although the male seals will fight manfully in defense of the females when fairly cornered, the discharge of fire-arms, the barking of a dog, the tainting of the water around them with the blood of one of their number, or even the smell of lighted tobacco, is sometimes sufficient to drive them from their rookeries. And driving them away permanently means their extermination, for if they can not come back to the waters where they were born, they cease to increase. An illustration of this truth is found in the story of sealing on Kerguelen Land, after the seal were newly discovered there some years ago. So abundant were the seals at first that as many as 1,700,000 were killed in a single year by the vessels flocking thither from all quarters. But in the space of three years they were practically exterminated, there not being enough left to make their catching remunerative. On the Alaska islands, however, the rigid regulations concerning the taking of seals are enforced not only by the presence of resident government inspectors, but by the obvious interests of those engaged in the work. As a result, more than two-thirds of all the seals now taken in the world are from those islands; and there they are on the increase. At first the fur seal were killed in immense numbers by the Russians. At one time three hundred thousand skins were destroyed, in order that the market might not be overstocked. It was only when their numbers were greatly diminished that the number annually killed was limited, and the other mentioned restrictions imposed.

On the coasts of Newfoundland the decline of the seal fishery, which at one time ranked in importance almost with the herring and the cod, has been a great misfortune. Formerly, however pitiable and destitute the poor classes might be during the winter, after St. Valentine's Day things would take a sudden turn. The busy sound of axes and hammers would reverberate from the hill-sides around the harbor, and not a rotten old schooner, brig, or lugger which could float, or floating be insured, but was trimmed up and provisioned to join the great spring seal fishery. From that day till the end of the month the excitement of the men who were to sail on this momentous expedition increased rapidly, and the grog-shops reaped a rich harvest, the greater number of the drinkers declining to think of their score until

"The water seethes at the bluff o' the bow,
And the helm churns it to hissing wrath,
And the strain on the ship and the master's brow
Relax to welcome the well-known path.

"With a surge and a bound the yards swing square,
And the night's alive with the cheery cries,
As before the snow-storm, free and fair,
Merrily homeward the good ship flies."

For many years this great fishery, or hunting expedition on the ocean fields of ice, as it should be more properly named, had brought hundreds of thousands of dollars among the community yearly; and lucky was the man esteemed who had secured his berth in a ship to be sailed and commanded by some smart and experienced hand. For three weeks to a month the hearts of all classes in the great fish colony palpitated between hope and dread incessantly. The first thing on awaking, the last before sleeping, the only observation hazarded in the streets was the state of wind and weather bearing on this momentous voyage. All had a stake in it: the merchant, in his ship stores and winter credits to the fishermen; the fishermen, to pay these debts, in order—and in order solely—to obtain more credit for the summer cod-fishery.

The return of the expedition was an event of the most tremendous importance. "One by one," writes Lieutenant McCREA, "all through that great day of all others in the year, they come gliding through the Narrows, until, just as the sun tips the crest of Signal Hill with a farewell crimson kiss, the last laggard of the fleet anchors in the channel to wait until the little busy bewildered tug shall have leisure to haul them inside. But in truth it matters little whether the ships anchor or not; for, surely as the sun sinks, out go the boats, and leaving the captain to take care of the ship as best he can, in a few minutes the greasy hunters jump on shore, and are hauled off by friends and women as mad with joy as they are. In streets, in lanes, in cottages of the poor as well as in mansions of the rich, the night is prolonged in one great universal orgy." It was on one of these occasions that an officer of rank, sent up from Halifax on an official commission, said, in answer to a question as to what sort of place it was, "Well, sir, I was only there three days, and they appeared to me to be all drunk."

In April of last year a curious event took place off Newfoundland. There was a visitation of seals such as would have been deemed extraordinary even in the palmy days of the fishery. For many years the hardy fishers of the southern coasts have scarcely hoped for a paying harvest of seal, even after fitting out their rough boats, and proceeding to the ice-fields of the North. On this occasion the valuable creatures came floating downward on great sheets of ice, within easy reach of the hunters, and but for the loss of life that took place, it might have been regarded as a special providence to all concerned.

It was during the first days of the month of April that the news began to spread that the seals were coming, and within a short time the hunters who had staid behind when the regular fleet left for the North began to congratulate themselves on having remained. They were ready for the unanticipated harvest, and as the ice gathered around, squads of them might be seen hurrying from the harbor of St. Johns out through the Narrows and into the broad Atlantic Ocean. Far away, north, south, and east, extended the interminable ice sheets, with here and there a watery breakage. From Signal Hill, which rises 600 feet above the sea-level, an almost unbroken view might be obtained, extending nearly forty miles seaward.

The rich spoils presented to the hunters excited them to recklessness. The women, too, who seem in this Northern latitude to be in complete sympathy with the toils of the husbands and brothers, shared in the general craze. It was not uncommon even for wind and sun browned damsels, daughters of the hardy fishermen, to gird on the seal-hunter's armor, and enter the lists with their brothers in competition for the treasures of the oil fields. The distance traversed away from the land over the ice sheets varied from one to eight or nine miles, according to the position of the seal patches or the good fortune of the hunter. One gang of men, more fortunate than another, would alight on an abundant patch within a mile or two of the shore, from which spectators, without the aid of a telescope, might witness all their operations. Others, less lucky, would have to wander over rough and broken ice for many a weary mile before coming up with the objects of their eager search. When found, even at the end of a long and tiresome ramble, the seal-killer felt himself amply repaid for his toil. Thus all went well for several days. Men came and went, and no record of disaster reached the shore. Thousands of dollars' worth of seals were daily captured, were brought on shore, and rapidly consigned to the oil vats on the south side of the city of St. Johns.

From three to four days the hunters had been at work, venturing further and further upon the ice, when suddenly the wind fell. The great masses, held in place by a strong northeaster, began to yield, and the "hunting grounds" to give way beneath the feet of the unhappy fishermen. So sudden was the change that it seemed almost instantaneous. At one moment the men seemed to be quietly at work; at the next, the panic had spread in every direction. The ice had moved from the shore, and except at a very few points of contact, the water began to flow between it and the mainland. Hundreds of men saw before them the prospect of being carried out to sea upon the melting mass. Those who were most cool-headed ran for the ice-bridges yet remaining, and succeeded in reaching the shore. Others, less rapid in their movements, or coming up too late to avail themselves of these pathways, plunged into the water, and swimming across, were hauled up on the crags by comrades waiting to receive them. Within the harbor small boats also were sent to the rescue, and these brought off many who had succeeded in reaching the edge of the ice-fields.

It was at first reported that some two hundred and fifty men were afloat upon the ice, and the consternation and agony on shore were frightful. Hundreds of families were mourning for some missing member, and the scenes enacted, as one man after another arrived, are beyond description. Finally, however, it became apparent that the number of missing had been greatly exaggerated. Before night fell the joyful tidings reached St. Johns that several men had gained the shore safely at the villages of Quidi, Vidi, and Logy Bay, where the ice, in careering out of St. Johns Bay, had for a brief time impinged and hung on the jagged rocks. Later on intelligence was received that a sealing steamer had picked up some forty or fifty others, and had landed them safely at Cape Spear. A screw steam-tug, stanch and strong, built especially to battle with ice, which had been sent to the rescue by the government, also returned, bearing seven of the lost sealers to shore. At last, as one man after another was restored to his home, the conviction began to spread that, awful as the tragedy had been, there was deep cause for thankfulness that so many had escaped.

The harvest of seal so mysteriously sent to the southern shores of Newfoundland brought with it a certain amount of prosperity to many who are accustomed to privation and suffering. The life of the fishermen of the North is a peculiarly hard one. They can not supply their necessities by any kind of agriculture, for their soil will yield nothing; they are unskilled in trade and manufactures, and are usually the victims of the merchants who bring the necessaries of life within their range. Their only reaping ground is the fickle sea, which gives or withholds its treasures with a mysterious caprice.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1267.]

THE WOMAN WHO SAVED HIM.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

JEMMY.

IT was a more perilous adventure than in the back streets of Shoreditch to find the whereabouts of Jemmy. There were more dangers in the house and more pitfalls. It was a house of crime, though Marjorie Kelly did not know this, where men who were hiding from the law, and fearing its clutch, lay cowering like wild beasts behind many of those blackened wainscot doors she flitted by.

It was to the front kitchen of this house that Marjorie Kelly directed her steps, or what had been a front kitchen in old days, before the floor had been broken up and the cupboards torn from their sockets for fire-wood; and it was now, as Robert Kelly had correctly phrased it, simply "the cellar floor." So damp and unwholesome a place was it that even the veriest poor had shunned it as a death-trap, and it was only Bill and his brother, who had driven a hard bargain with the rent collector—"the middle-man"—that had had the courage to attempt the tenancy. And in the attempt it was possible that Jemmy had come to grief; for, at all events, it was plain enough to the startled woman gazing in at the door that here, at least, were the elements of tragedy.

There was a little wan face, with the look of death upon it, peering from a heap of shavings in a corner of this vault-like place; there were a pair of dim gray eyes opening faintly, and quivering at the light, as Marjorie Kelly came softly into the room.

"Is that you, Bill, already?" asked a feeble voice, without the strength to raise itself above a whisper. "Come, that is good of you."

"No; it is only a friend of Bill's and yours," said Marjorie, advancing, "and I've looked in to light the fire for you."

"We ain't got no coals," was the whisper, in return.

"I've brought some with me."

"Lor', have you?" said the boy, in faint wonderment. "Are you the 'lieving ossifer? Bill said you wouldn't come; you'd see me—"

"Yes, I am a relieving officer, I hope," said Marjorie, with a quiet smile; "and, at all events, I can make you a good fire."

"I—don't care—much about it—now."

"Do you feel very ill?" asked Marjorie, anxiously.

"Not now. The doctor says I shall last another day or two—with care; but I—don't think I shall, lady."

"Who can tell—save God?" she added to herself.

The crippled boy regarded her long and curiously: it was more like a dream than anything that had happened to him in his short waking life. She was like a fairy of whom he had heard once, to come in there, to Gregson's Rents, and light a fire for *him*, and for Bill when he came home, too. It was all very wonderful, if he had had only the strength to think about it clearly. But it "dazed" him, and he closed his eyes. When he opened them again the fire was blazing and crackling, and there was something spread upon his bed of shavings—a woman's thickly lined mantle, which its owner had had on beneath her cloak, and which she had worn till now.

"Wot's this for?" he asked.

"To keep you warm."

"Ah, yes, thankee. Bill wanted to go without his great-coat, the silly fellow, jest acause I was 'bliged to shiver a bit afore he went. But that's like Bill."

"He is kind to you, then?"

"Kind!" was the echo back; and then there came a faint, grateful sigh from the sick boy. "Ah! he jest is."

"That's well. I shall be glad to know more of Bill soon—very soon."

"I don't think he likes anybody else but me, mind yer; so I—I wouldn't bother him, mum," was the caution proffered here. "He doesn't like to be bothered."

Marjorie Kelly bustled about the room, and gave it some appearance of order; then she sat down at the fireside on a rickety stool she had discovered in one corner, and looked at the burning coals. It was as well, she thought, not to embarrass the lad by regarding him too anxiously, and she did not care to meet his wistful gaze.

"What time will your brother be back?" she asked.

"Pretty soon to-night—I hope."

"You hope?"

"He promised not to be late, so—he's sure to come."

"He keeps his word, then?"

"Allers."

"That's well. And now about yourself, Jemmy," she said. "Can you eat anything, or drink anything?"

"Oh no," said the boy, shuddering. "Don't talk about it, please."

"When did you see the doctor last?"

"He came to-day—the workus one."

"And what did he say?"

"That I wasn't to be moved agin," he replied. "As if I wanted! On'y I don't see, lady, how poor Bill is to get on without me—do you?"

"I don't see anything clearly," murmured Marjorie Kelly.

"Yer see," he explained, "I was handy at the haporths, and could see Bill wasn't cheated; and that's why I am sorry to cut it."

"To cut what?"

"To hook it—to die."

"You have been told you can not live?" Marjorie asked.

"Oh yes."

"What does Bill say to that?"

"He says it's a blessed story, and he'll punch the doctor's head for saying so," was the answer.

"And you—were you afraid?"

"No. There isn't much to live for, except Bill, is there?"

Strange question, to which his listener made no answer. She hardly knew how to reply to this child's philosophy—echo of the crude philosophies of wiser folk than he, and yet of shallower—and she put her hand to one side of her fair head to hide some tears which the boy might have seen were glistening in the fire-light.

"Would you be glad to know," she asked, after a long pause, "that somebody will look after Bill presently?"

"The perliceman?" Jemmy asked.

"No; myself."

"'Tain't no good," said Jemmy; "I'm sure it ain't no good."

"Why not?"

"Bill can't bear anybody looking arter him. Didn't I say so afore?"

"Yes."

"I thought I did; but I don't seem to know all I am saying. It's so—misty like."

Marjorie rose quickly, and went to the wretched bed on which the boy was lying. She touched his hand, and passed hers across his damp, cold forehead. Then she stood and thought for a while, saying, at last, "I am going away now; I shall bring another doctor to you directly."

"It ain't no good," he said again.

"I don't know that. Keep still till I come back."

She left the room very hastily. The boy closed his eyes as if in sleep, but they were opened very widely again as she almost immediately re-entered. She had encountered a woman on the common stair, and given her money to proceed in search of medical assistance. However hopeless the case might be, she would at least not trust her judgment in this matter.

"Is that you, Bill?" asked the boy again.

"He is not here yet. I have come back again."

"The lady—isn't it?"

"Yes; don't you see me?"

"Not—very—well," was the reply. "Come nearer."

Marjorie Kelly stood again by the boy's side, and looked down. Had he changed since she had left him last, or was it her own nervous fancy?

"Yes, it's you," said the boy. "Ye're very good, ain't yer?"

"I'm afraid I am not."

"I should have—thought—yer were," was the slow response.

The lady shook her head.

"We are all poor creatures in the sight of the good Lord, Jemmy," said the woman, fervently.

"I don't know *Him!*" was the awful answer.

"Oh, my poor boy, has no one told you—has no one prayed with you, or taught you prayer?" cried Marjorie.

"I don't know—what yer mean now. I—don't—understand."

"Take my hand in yours, poor Jemmy," murmured the distressed woman, "and try and say what I say. Will you?"

"If I—can," Jemmy feebly whispered back.

It was the Lord's Prayer which was uttered fervently and tearfully in that room, and the boy's white lips moved slowly with hers for a while—such a prayer as surely winged its way from that dark cellar floor to God's white throne, a prayer of hope and for mercy for this little waif who was being borne away from the shore.

There was a figure in the doorway now, mute, motionless, and wondering, and yet strangely watchful; there were keen, far-seeing eyes, which took in the scene, and lost no iota of it; and when the boy's lips suddenly ceased to move, Bill came in with a long, low cry, that sounded in its sudden grief like the wail of some animal pain-stricken.

"Jemmy! Jemmy! look up! I've got back, yer see; it's all right now. It's—"

He stopped, and the dying boy's eyes looked at him steadily, and with a loving look of recognition in them, before they closed forever.

"Dead! not really dead!" cried the brother, sinking down and putting his arms round him.

"It was your God's will," murmured Marjorie; "think of it, and be comforted."

"Get away from here—yer've done it," cried Bill, passionately. "Yer've no bis'ness in my room, a-worryin' of him and me. Get out of this," cried the boy, beside himself in his cruel grief.

"I am going, Bill," said Marjorie; "it is as well to leave you to yourself. May I come back in half an hour?"

"No."

"I should be glad."

"Yer've brought nuffink but bad luck to me, and I hate you wus than all the rest on 'em," he cried.

"I am sorry for that," answered the gentle voice back.

"Yer've worried him to death—and— Oh, Jemmy! Jemmy! I didn't think yer was a-going to die and leave me altogether!"

Marjorie stole away, and closed the door upon the elder brother's grief, which in its despair, and yet in its wild affection, was sacred to her in that hour. Deeply disturbed by the tragedy which she had found in Gregson's Rents that night, she went thoughtfully up stairs to her brother's room again.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INVITATION.

THREE-QUARTERS of an hour afterward, business having been satisfactorily settled, or arranged perhaps to the satisfaction of Mr. Robert Kelly—a gentleman whom it was very hard to satisfy—Marjorie Kelly descended the stairs, equipped for her journey homeward. There was life as well as death at number seven. The story of Jemmy's premature decease was known now in the Rents, and people had turned out to talk of it, one or two women, old and wrinkled like Macbeth's witches, but with women's hearts still, to offer some amount of sympathy, and to be of help to Bill. There were many eyes upon the lady now, and much muttering and whispering. On the second-floor landing-place she came upon two men in shirt sleeves, and one slatternly young woman twisting up her back hair with one hand, and holding a baby with the other.

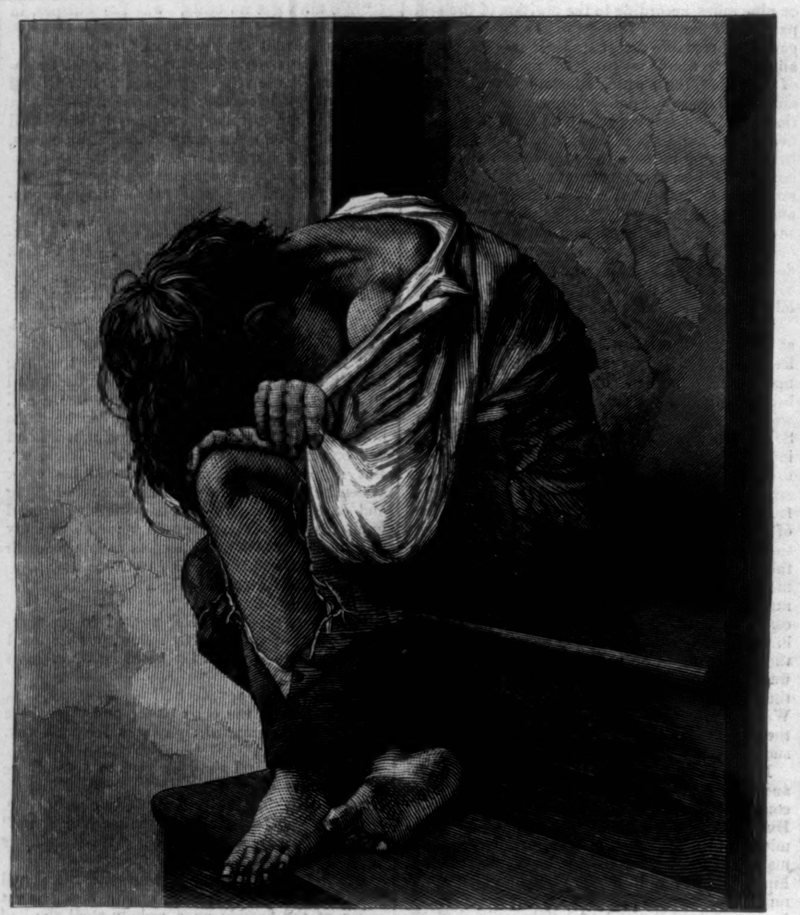
"Where is Bill?" she asked, confidently, of these fresh comers.

"Down yonder," said the woman. "Shall I call him, my lady?"

"No, thank you. I am going down."

On the first floor there were other loiterers—one man, a mat-maker, energetic and industrious, even at that hour, but looking formidably ferocious whilst brandishing a huge knife in his hand, and telling the story, or part of it, to his neighbors. The knife was the implement of his craft, but he looked like a murderer in the light which his neighbor supplied him from a guttering candle in a ginger-beer bottle.

"Good-night," said Marjorie, as she passed, and "Good-night, ma'am," was echoed very civilly back again. She descended to the open doorway—where the wind blew keenly—and would have turned to the lower flight had not the heaped-up, grief-stricken figure on the door-step told her that he was there whom she had promised to see again. He was waiting for her, but she did not know it then. The two old women had gone down to the cellar floor to lay poor Jemmy out, and Bill was in the way, and had come up to watch for the lady who had seen the last of his crippled brother. But he was not watching now: he was curled up strangely, a pitiable picture of despair, his head buried in his arms, and his arms crossed upon his knees. His feet were bare, his garments were torn, the long, tattered great-coat which he had worn earlier in the evening was absent, and he was sitting bowed down by grief, an abject figure indeed of utter penury. They were



"HE WAS SITTING BOWED DOWN BY GRIEF, AN ABJECT FIGURE INDEED OF UTTER PENURY."

watching him, a few of the neighbors, from their doorways, but none had ventured to approach him. They were afraid of him at times. Bill was not always to be trusted. There was danger in him, as in all wild beasts left to themselves in this sad fashion.

Marjorie Kelly was not afraid: she was a brave young woman, and her life had not been untrained to cope with ignorance and crime, which had rather been her mournful study. She had served her own articles to distress.

"I am going now, Bill," she said.

Bill looked up at the sound of her voice, shuddered visibly, and rose.

"I've been a-waiting for yer," he answered.

"Why are you like this—in the doorway?"

"I covered Jemmy with my coat—he was orful cold," muttered Bill.

"What use was that now, my poor lad?"

"Don't 'poor lad' me. I hates pity," he said, sullenly, "and I ain't going to answer all yer ax me. Jemmy's allers had my coat, and he's got it now. Wot did you leave this thing on him for?"

And from a corner of the dark stairway Bill produced Miss Kelly's mantle, and held it up before her.

"Was it very wrong of me?"

The dark eyes of the lad looked at her for a while, and then became blood-shot and blurred. He turned away his head from her.

"No, I can't say it wos," he muttered; "but take it, will yer? It's worth a lot of money, they say down stairs, and they'll grab it pretty quick."

Marjorie took it and flung it across her arm, and then said, "I am going down, if you don't mind."

"Werry well."

Marjorie descended, gave some few instructions to the women, asked several questions concerning the elder brother, and came up stairs again to find Bill in the old desolate and despairing posture. He was on his feet, however, before she spoke to him.

"What are they doin' down there?" he asked, fretfully. "Why don't they go away?"

"They will soon. And now, Bill, what will you do?"

"I don't care what becomes of me."

"It is not like a boy of spirit to say that."

"I don't care wot it's like. Jest leave me alone. Yer ain't a-goin' to jaw me."

"Will you call upon me to-morrow, or the next day?"

"Dashed if I do."

"Next week?"

"Never—s' help me, never. What should I call on you for?"

"I think I may be your friend."

"No—no, thankee," he answered, very decisively.

"I promised Jemmy."

This was a keen shaft, and it struck home. Bill winced very perceptibly.

"You promised—*him?*" he said.

"Yes."

"It was your *larks*, I should think," he growled; "and anyhow I takes care of myself."

"But you will come?"

"Not me!"

"There is my address—will you keep it?"

The boy took the card and held it in his hand, but he did not look at it. He could not have read it if he had.

"All right," he muttered. "Air yer ready?"

"Ready?" she repeated.

"I've been a-waitin'," he said, in a low tone. "Yer can't go back alone to Shoreditch—through here—now they are all about. I shouldn't like," he added, thoughtfully, "for any harm to come to yer."

"Here is your coat, then," said Marjorie, presenting it, to his surprise.

He stared, then took it, and put it on. They went into the Rents together.

"Here's the old barrer," he said, as they passed into the narrow fore-court. "I wonders whether I shall ever take it out agin?"

"To be sure. You must work."

"I never cared wot became of me; I was ony afeard of wot Jemmy would do arout me. Now it's different like."

"You will come and talk it over with me to-morrow or the next day?"

"No fear!" answered the boy.

It was a darkling face at which Marjorie Kelly glanced askance in the dim lamp-light, and her heart sank a little at the sight of it. Here was a nature hard to impress, harder to change; even the affliction of his brother's loss he took as a bitter wrong unto himself. Jemmy had been all to him, the one thing for this wild nature to love, and he had been taken away from him. He could not see the good of it; from the lips of the gentle woman at his side he would not take a lesson from it. She would have told him why it was best, if he had listened; she would have essayed some words of comfort gathered from the pages of a Book of which poor Bill had never heard, but the outcast was deaf to any consolation.

"If you say any more, I'll bolt," he said at last, savagely; "I'll make a run for it; and it's not safe till the next street, mind yer."

"Run away from me if you like, Bill," said Marjorie, coolly; "but it will not be acting like a gentleman."

"Like a wot?" exclaimed her guide, in his astonishment. "Did you say a genelman?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha!" and the echoes of the street were roused by his deep, hoarse bark. "Well, the likes of yer I never met afore. If yer ain't chaffing, why yer clean off ye're 'ed. But yer did Jemmy a good turn, miss."

"Well?"

"Well, thankee for that," he said; "and there's Shoreditch right afore yer."

"Thank you, Bill; and good-night."

"Good-night," he muttered.

"And you will come and see me to-morrow," she said, returning to the old subject, "at Mrs. Mowbray's?"

"Sha'n't think of such a thing."

"The day afterward, then?"

"Sha'n't."

"When is it to be?"

"Never. I don't want no help; I can allus get my own living. I'm handy with my fingers, and when the barrer don't pay, *I can pick pockets!* I've done it afore."

"Ah, you never will again, Bill; for Jemmy's sake," said the woman, confidently—"Jemmy, who may be looking down at you."

"Oh, why did you say that!" cried the boy, visibly startled now. "Yer are a wretch; ain't yer, now?"

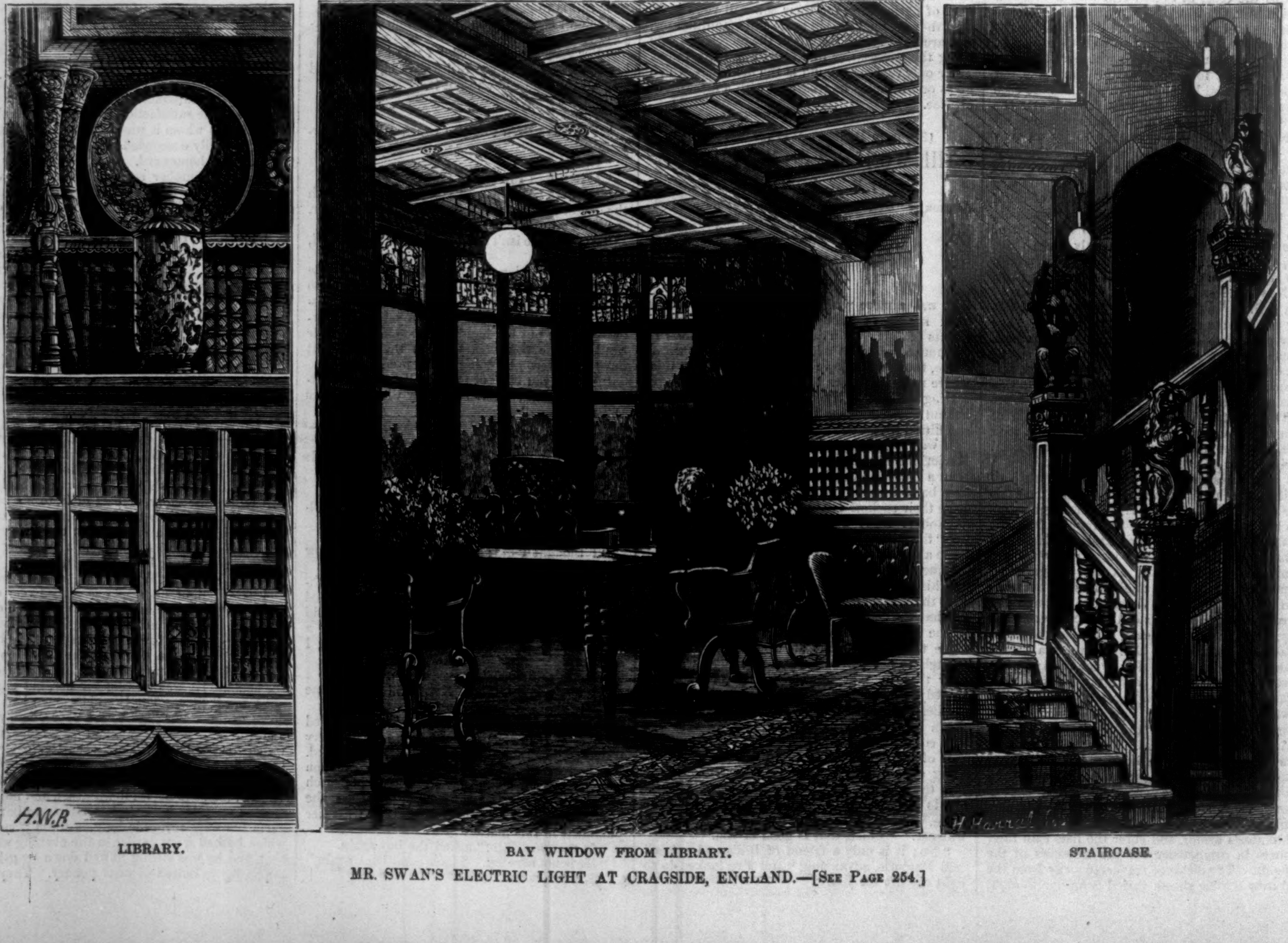
"Think me your friend, and come and see me."

"Sha'n't," he cried, for the third time, and with a strange, fierce oath that curdled the blood of his listener.

"Then I will come and see you," she replied, very firmly.

The boy looked at her with some fear as well as surprise, but he said no further word. When she bade him good-night again, he did not answer her. There was a hansom cab making its way through the miry snow in the roadway at this juncture, and Marjorie Kelly called to its driver, who pulled up his horse to the curb-stone. Bill did not make any effort to assist her into the cab, or close the doors, but he stood watching the proceeding very critically. She looked toward him, and said, "Don't forget," as the cab was driven away westward; and Bill remembered those two words longer than he ever thought he should. They rang in his ears for many a long day. They implied so much even to him; they became, as time went on, a sorrow, a regret, an accusation, a remorse. They were forever echoing in his ears, like two warning notes from the silver-bell-like voice of her who had said kind words to him, and who had been good to Jemmy. He remembered them too well at last. DON'T FORGET!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

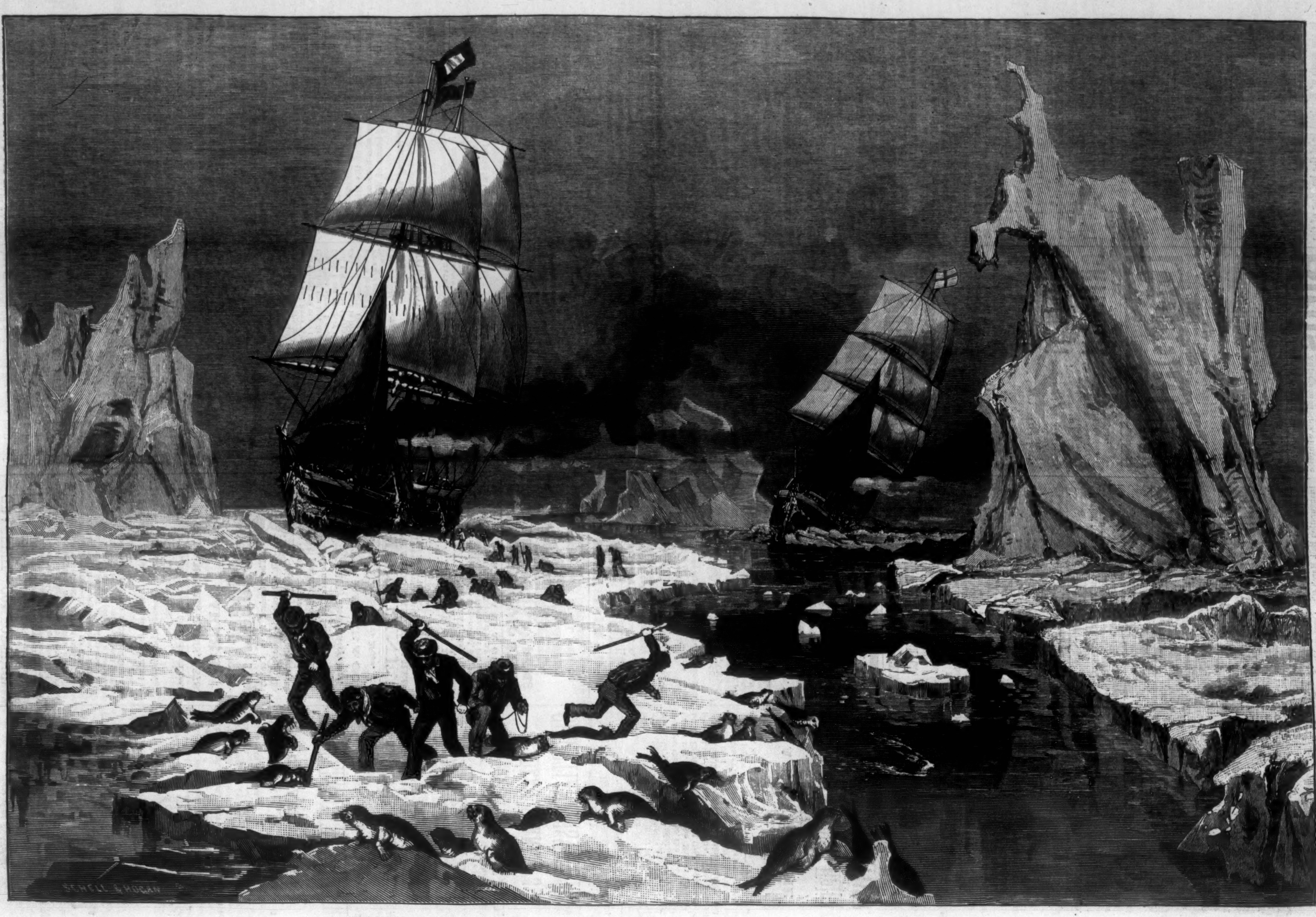


LIBRARY.

BAY WINDOW FROM LIBRARY.

STAIRCASE.

MR. SWAN'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AT CRAGSIDE, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 254.]



SEAL-HUNTING IN THE NORTHERN SEAS.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan, from Sketches by J. W. Hayward.—[See Page 254.]

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH.

Sunshine is necessary for the health of all animal and vegetable life. No, I will not even except the mushroom, for I am convinced that those delicious and succulent agarics that are gathered in the open fields are better flavored and more nutritious than the edible fungi that are forced by artificial heat in the darkness of a cellar.

The benefits derived from exposure to the rays of the sun were well known to the ancient Romans, who used to have terraces on the southern sides of their domiciles, called *solaria*, on which to walk or seat themselves to enjoy the blessings of fresh air and sunshine combined. Physicians of the present day are likewise fully alive to the regenerating effects of sunshine in many cases of illness, notably, perhaps, in consumption. In the incipient stage of this terribly fatal disease a long sea-voyage southward is an almost certain remedy. Even in our own fickle and changeable climate, basking in the sunshine is of immense benefit to the nervous and weakly invalid, as well as to the convalescent from some long, lingering illness. Those who have to work down underground are very seldom indeed long-lived, and they are remarkably subject to debility. That is one fact well worth bearing in mind; and here is another: barracks in which soldiers live, if built so that but little sunshine enters, are never healthy. It has been noticed, also, that in times of epidemic, houses that are freely exposed to the rays of the noonday sun stand a far greater chance of exemption from the prevalent disease than do those that are shaded. I myself recollect an instance of the cholera decimating the dwellers on the shady side of the street of a village, and sparing those who lived on that exposed to the health-giving beams of the noonday sun.

Without, then, actually running any risk of sun-stroke, every one should endeavor to get as much sunshine as possible. Some young ladies are afraid of spoiling their complexions, but I do not think the sun does this; sun-browning is not a deadly complaint, and it is easily removed, and freckles are a sign of health. Court the sun, then, winter and summer, in your rooms and out-of-doors, for sunshine to the young is vigor, while to the old it is life itself.

EXTINCT BRITISH ANIMALS.

The common brown bear made its appearance on the Continent in the pleistocene age, and crossed over to Britain while the areas of the North Sea and of the English Channel were fertile valleys abounding in animal life. Its remains occur both in the river deposits and in the caves, and have been met with in the turbaries and alluvia of England and of Scotland, which belong to the prehistoric period. It was hunted by the Neolithic inhabitants of Britain, and used for food by the inhabitants of Colchester and Richmond in Roman times. From the "Penitentiale" of Archbishop Egbert (a.d. 750), in which the flesh of any animal torn by dog, wolf, fox, or bear, or any other wild animal, is forbidden to be used for human food, it is clear that it was alive in this country at that time. In the days of Edward the Confessor, Norwich furnished annually one bear to the king and six dogs for the baiting of it. This, however, does not prove the existence of wild bears in Britain at that date, because bear-baiting was almost a national sport among the English until bears became too costly and the public taste too refined for such brutal exhibitions. Fitz-Stephen tells us, in the reign of Henry II., that the young Londoners amused themselves in the forenoon of every holiday in the winter seasen with boar-fights or bull and bear baiting.

A grand exhibition of bear-baiting took place at Hatfield House when Queen Mary visited her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, during her confinement there, "with which their Highnesses were right well content." Soon after the ascension of the latter to the throne, she entertained the Spanish ambassadors with bulls and bears, and some years afterward she received the Danish ambassador at Greenwich, and entertained him with bear-baiting, "tempered with other merry disports." On one occasion, at Kenilworth, no less than thirteen bears were baited before the queen with large ban-dogs. From these notices it is evident that Queen Elizabeth was very fond of this sport. Some of the great nobles and ecclesiastics also kept bears and bear-wards. Latterly there were travelling bear-wards dependent upon their patrons. The bear was probably extinct in Britain about the time of the Norman Conquest, and is not known to have existed in Ireland within the historic period.

The wolf abounded in Britain in the pleistocene and prehistoric periods, and varied in numbers in the historic age in proportion to the waste lands. It was a subject of many legal enactments, and grants of land were held for its capture. The animal had a price set upon its head by statute in 1621; the price paid for one wolf in Sutherlandshire was six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. In Ireland, in 1683, "for every bitch wolfe the price was six pounds, for every dog wolfe five pounds, for every cubb which preyeth for himself forty shillings, and for every suckling cubb ten shillings." It is obvious from these large prices that the wolf was becoming rare in Scotland and Ireland in the middle of the seventeenth century. The last of the British wolves was killed in Scotland in 1743 by MacQueen, a man remarkable for his stature and courage, who died in the year 1797. The memory of the exploit is still preserved by tradition. In Ireland the animal lingered until 1770. The wolf became extinct in England in the reign of Henry VII. The wild boar still lingered in Lancashire in 1617, and the last notice of the animal in the south of England is of the hunting of the wild boar at Windsor by James I. and his court.

NIHILISM!

In his powerful novel, "Sunrise," Mr. Black has graphically portrayed the inner movements of this pitiless engine of destruction. Men bind themselves by the most solemn oaths to literally obey the mandates of a secret and irresponsible tyranny, even to the commission of foulest crimes, and their lives are forfeited if they hesitate to execute such orders as may doom them to the curse of murder and consign their souls to perdition.—*Hartford Courant.*

SUNRISE. By William Black. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York. Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1 25.

MINNIE PALMER.

Messrs. Wm. B. Riker & Son: Park Theatre.

I have used your American Face Powder, and can recommend it as the *best* preparation that has ever come under my notice.

—[*Com.*] Yours truly, Minnie Palmer.

COMPOUND OXYGEN IN EPILEPSY.

The following is an extract from a letter received from a patient who had used Compound Oxygen for Epilepsy. It is dated March, 1879: "I commenced taking the Compound Oxygen last April (1878) for epilepsy, and have taken four months' treatment. It has helped me more than all the medicines which I've taken for the last five years. Have only had spasms one time since I commenced taking the Oxygen. I think I am entirely cured of the spasms, and I have not taken the Oxygen regularly for several months, and my health is better in every way than for several years before." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which is sent free, will be found of great value to all who are suffering from any chronic disease. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—[*Com.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

CONSUMPTION.

I have prescribed Horsford's Acid Phosphate in several cases of Phthisis (consumption), with good results; among others that of seeming to aid the action of other remedies.

—[*Adv.*] Taunton, Mass. E. W. Jones, M.D.

OZONE,

Nature's disinfectant. It kills sewer gas and malaria. The American Ozone Generator is a simple and effective apparatus for supplying Ozone to private and public buildings. Send for pamphlet. Hektograph Co., 24 Church Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wineglass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. J. W. Hancox, Agent, 51 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FULL WEIGHT ROYAL RIGHT ABSOLUTELY PURE
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.

Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

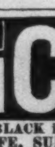
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

75 cents the box.

BOSWELL & WARNER'S COLORIFIC

COLORS HAIR a beautiful BROWN or BLACK in a few minutes, without other wash. SAFE, SURE, RELIABLE. NO LEAD or SULPHUR or other injurious articles. Depot, B. V. B. LIVINGSTON, 231 Grand Street, Brooklyn, E. D.



CELLULOID EYE-GLASSES

representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell & Amber. The lightest, handsomest, & strongest known. Sold by Opticians and Jewellers. Made by SPENCER O. M. CO., 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Birds

HOLDEN'S New Book on Birds. 128 pp., 80 Illustrations. All facts on all birds, with price list. By mail, 25 cts. stamps. G. A. HOLDEN, 387 6th Ave., near 24th St., N. Y.

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists,*
London, Eng.

Also, *Epps's Chocolate Essence* for afternoon use.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE,

The standard for a Century. This Chocolate is made from the choicest Cocoa, carefully selected and prepared. It is the best preparation of plain Chocolate in the market for family use.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

GUION LINE.

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS,
For Queenstown and Liverpool.
Leaving Pier 38 N. R., foot of King Street.

WISCONSIN........TUESDAY, April 12, 3.30 P.M.
ABYSSINIA.........TUESDAY, April 26, 3.30 A.M.
WYOMING...........TUESDAY, May 3, 8.30 A.M.
ARIZONA...........TUESDAY, May 10, 2.30 P.M.
WISCONSIN...........TUESDAY, May 17, 8 A.M.

Cabin Passage (according to state-room), $60, $80, and $100. Intermediate, $40. Steerage at low rates.

Office, No. 29 Broadway.
WILLIAMS & GUION.

ESTERBROOK & CO
FALCON PEN

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES
1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.
110 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.

Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c.,* of *all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*

Gentlemen's Garments, *cleaned or dyed whole.*

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed.

Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods.

Goods received and returned by express or by mail.

BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

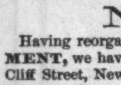
"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

ARKANSAS—LOUISIANA—TEXAS
South-Western Immigration Co.

The purpose of this Company is to furnish reliable information, descriptive and statistical, relating to the resources and advantages of the South-West.

The Company now has for distribution Books, Pamphlets, Circulars, and Maps, which will be sent, free of charge, upon application made to

WM. W. LANG, President,
Late Master Texas State Grange.
B. G. DUVAL, Secretary, Austin, Texas.
J. N. VICTOR, Eastern Manager,
243 Broadway, New York.



135 Writing Letters, Type, Figures, IMPROVED SELF-INKER BEST PRESS Ink, Reglets, Gold, Nippers, Case, Rack, 100 Cards, outside case: All for $6.00. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth St., Phila., Pa.

NOTICE.

Having reorganized our PATTERN DEPARTMENT, we have assigned to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, 62 Cliff Street, New York City, the sole right to establish Agencies, on his own account, for the sale of our Cut Paper Patterns throughout the United States.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

CANDY

Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

SOLID SILVER Watches, $4 up
SOLID GOLD Watches, $10 up

Second-hand, but in running order. Examination allowed. ROBERT ORR, 388 Pearl St., New York.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION March, as performed by the Marine Band at the inauguration of President Garfield and the Inauguration Ball, March 4th. Composed by John P. Sousa for Piano. Price 40 cts. Copies mailed. Published by WM. A. POND & CO., 25 Union Square, N.Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have Just Published:

I.
TWO CHEAP EDITIONS
OF
FROUDE'S CÆSAR.

CÆSAR. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, Editor of "Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle." 12mo, Cloth, with Portrait and Map, 60 cents; 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

Mr. Froude excels in bright and graphic descriptions. His account of Cæsar's Gallic campaigns gives the reader a clear and sufficient idea of the eight years of hard marching and fighting which established the Roman dominion in the north-west of Europe. * * * He follows Cæsar, as Cæsar would have wished to be followed, in a simple and lucid narrative, in which the events speak for themselves, unencumbered by pedantic disquisition or rhetorical ornament. The book deserves to be read.—*Quarterly Review,* London.

II.
CHEAP EDITION
OF
METTERNICH'S MEMOIRS.

Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1773–1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. The Papers Classified and Arranged by M. A. de Klinkowström. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. Part I., 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

If there was a mystery in Metternich, he has bared it for us in his own memoirs, which rank among the most important political memoirs of the century.—R. H. Stoddard, in *The Critic.*

III.
CHEAP EDITION
OF
DEAN STANLEY'S
CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.

Christian Institutions. Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 12mo, Cloth, 50 cents.

Under this title the Dean of Westminster presents his many readers with a number of connected essays, old and new, on the Sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist, Absolution, Ecclesiastical Vestments, the Basilica, the Clergy, the Pope, the Litany, the Roman Catacombs, the Creed of the Early Christians, the Lord's Prayer, the Council and Creed of Constantinople, and the Ten Commandments. They have all an antiquarian, historical, and practical interest, and are treated in a very liberal and very attractive style. Dean Stanley is a genius as well as a scholar, and has a rare power of word-painting.—Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, in *The Critic.*

IV.
A NEW VOLUME
BY THE
Author of "John Halifax."
HIS LITTLE MOTHER,

And Other Tales and Sketches. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo, Cloth (uniform with the Library Edition of Miss Mulock's Novels), $1 25; also, 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS.
12mo, Cloth, $1 25 per Volume.

A Brave Lady.
Agatha's Husband.
A Hero.
A Legacy.
A Life for a Life.
A Noble Life.
Christian's Mistake.
Hannah.
John Halifax.
Mistress and Maid.
My Mother and I.
Olive.
Sermons out of Church.
Studies from Life.
The Fairy Book.
The Head of the Family.
The Laurel Bush.
The Ogilvies.
The Unkind Word.
The Woman's Kingdom.
Two Marriages.
Young Mrs. Jardine.
His Little Mother.

V.
FITZGERALD'S
George the Fourth.

Life of George the Fourth. Including his Letters and Opinions, with a View of the Men, Manners, and Politics of his Reign. By Percy Fitzgerald. Complete in One Vol., over 900 pages, with Illustrations, 12mo, Cloth, $2 00; also, in Two Parts, 4to, Paper, 20 cents each.

As a vivid contrast to the decorum, economy, and rectitude of 1881, nothing can be more striking than the panorama of folly and falsity in high places which began to be unrolled just a century ago.—*Athenæum,* London.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above books by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

A Second Invitation.

A committee of the Legislature appointed to investigate the manufacture of oleomargarine oil and butter, and to ascertain whether those products, and not the reeking filth and rotting garbage left by the street cleaning authorities in the public streets, are the cause of New York's increased mortality, has been in session in this city. The Commercial Manufacturing Company, consolidated, invited the committee to visit their factory at 48th st. and North River to obtain light, and to see of what materials and by what methods the oleomargarine products are made. They embraced in the invitation the city authorities, the Board of Health, and the public generally. The Committee chose to go first to the Dairy Cheese and Butter Exchange to listen to the false statements of interested dealers, market hucksters, salt speculators, and penny-a-line Bohemians regarding the manufacture of an article they have an interest in destroying or blackmailing, rather than to investigate, examine, and judge for themselves. Only two of the eleven committeemen paid a flying visit to the factory. A daily journal seeks to justify this course by implying that the manufactory was prepared and fixed for the visit, and could not be seen in its real condition and in its ordinary operation.

The Commercial Manufacturing Company now invites and solicits visits from the city authorities, the Board of Health, and the people of New York at any hour of the day or night, on any day of the week except Sunday, to its factory on Forty-eighth st. and North River. Any visitor is at liberty to go over the premises and to examine the materials used and the process of manufacture, whether the officers of the company are present or absent, and to ascertain for himself whether the statements made by interested parties and strikers as to the impurity of the products are true or false. The Company desires that its products be judged on their merits and to be protected in its rights, and to expose and brand the conspiracy to break down a great industry which gives to the people of this country and of Europe a cheap and wholesome article of food, and which is destined to drive from the market of the world the rancid stuff sold in such large quantities under the name of dairy butter.

Commercial Manufacturing Company,
(CONSOLIDATED.)
WEST 48TH ST. AND NORTH RIVER.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

KIDNEY-WORT

The Only Remedy
That Acts at the Same Time on
The Liver, The Bowels and The Kidneys
This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

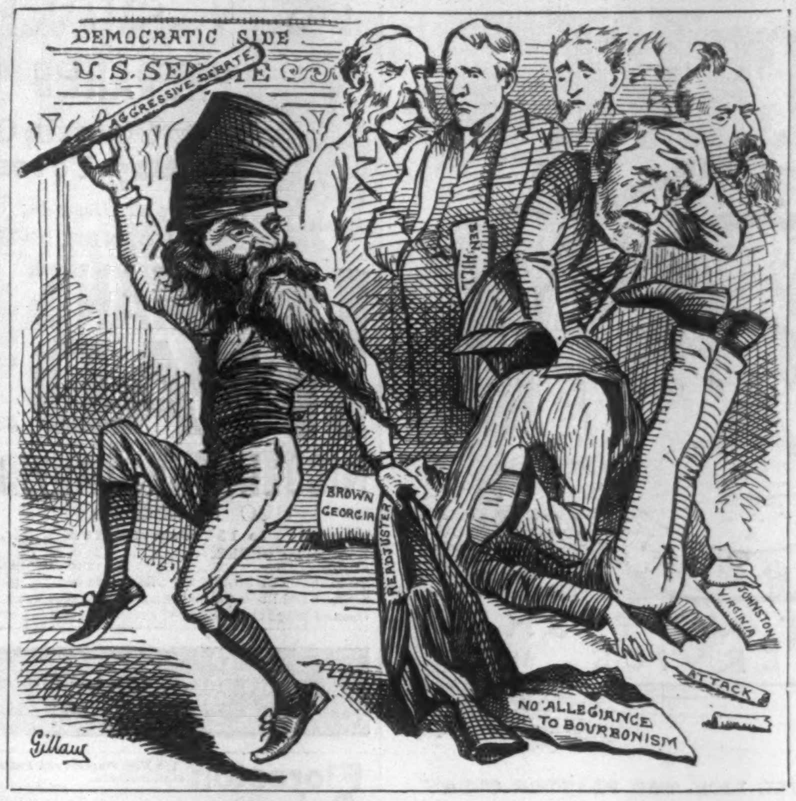
Biliousness, Piles, Constipation, Kidney Complaints and Diseases, Weaknesses and Nervous Disorders.
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.
Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches!
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!
Why endure nervous or sick headaches!
Why have sleepless nights!
Use **KIDNEY WORT** *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and* **One package will make six qts of Medicine.** *Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you.* Price, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
(Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

SHAVING MADE EASY!
VROOM & FOWLER'S SHAVING SOAP
Gives a quick, soft, lasting lather.
Packet by mail on receipt of twenty cents.
C. H. RUTHERFORD, 26 Liberty St., N.Y.

Agents Wanted. $5 a Day made selling our PLATFORM FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Retail price, $1.50. Terms surprise Agents. Domestic Scale Co., Cincinnati, O.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

PLAYS, Tableaux, Dialogues, Recitations, Colored Fire, Wigs, Mustaches, &c. Catalogues sent free by HAPPY HOURS BAZAR, No. 5 Beekman St., N. Y.



MORE THAN THEIR MATCH.

Billy O'Mahone. "Now, which of the rest of you gents will kindly oblige me by treading on the tail o' me coat?"

CAMPBELL'S Self-Acting Window Shade Rollers.
Admitted Superior to All Others
Manufactured for the Trade.
81 83 & 85 Centre St., New York.

JAMES McCREERY & Co. have for many years given special attention to their stock of Black Grenadines, which constitutes an important department of their business.

The choicest patterns are received as quickly as they are produced in France or this country, and many of the beautiful floral designs emulating light and shade by curious intricacies of weaving are worthy of careful examination, while the beauty and flexibility of the fabric lends itself readily to the skill of the modiste.

JAMES McCREERY & Co.,
Broadway and Eleventh St.,
NEW YORK.

102 YOUR NAME in New Type on 102 Chromos, 10c. All new styles, designed by best artists. *Bouquets, Gold Chromo, Birds, Landscapes, Panels, Water Scenes, etc.* Best collection of Cards ever sold for 10c. Sample Book containing samples of all our Cards, 25c. Largest Card House in America. Dealers supplied with Blank Cards. American Card Co., Northford, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED
For "Southern Palestine and Jerusalem."
By William M. Thomson, D.D., Forty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. 140 Illustrations from Photographs.
Apply to or address
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y.

DEAF PEOPLE HEAR by the use of **Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums.** Circulars and testimonials sent *free.* **GARMORE & CO. Glenn Building, Cincinnati, O.**

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

$105 A MONTH and EXPENSES, SELLING CIGARS To DEALERS Samples Free Send Three Cent Stamp to insure answer. Local and Traveling **SALESMEN** Address, S. FOSTER & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

50 Cards, Chromo, Motto, Roses, &c., all new style, name on 10c. Agt's samples 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

$999 a year to Agents and expenses. $6 outfit free. Address F. Swain & Co, Augusta, Me.

$40 Agent's profits a week. New Novelties and Chromos. Catalogues free. Felton & Co., N. Y. City.

$75 For new 7 octave Pianos, C. O. D. Address U. S. Pianoforte Co., 423 Eleventh Ave., N. Y.

ARNOLD,
CONSTABLE, & CO.

CARPETS.

AMERICAN BRUSSELS,
ENGLISH BRUSSELS,
For one week at prices less than they have been for twenty-five years.

Broadway & 19th St.

A NEW VOLUME
OF
ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

DRYDEN. By George Saintsbury. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Morley. The following volumes are now ready:

Wordsworth. By F. W. H. Myers.—Locke. By Thomas Fowler.—Byron. By John Nichol.—S. Johnson. By Leslie Stephen.—E. Gibbon. By J. C. Morison.—Scott. By R. H. Hutton.—Shelley. By J. A. Symonds.—Goldsmith. By William Black.—Hume. By Professor Huxley.—D. Defoe. By William Minto.—R. Burns. By Principal Shairp.—Spenser. By Dean Church.—Thackeray. By Anthony Trollope.—Burke. By John Morley.—Milton. By Mark Pattison.—Southey. By Edward Dowden.—Bunyan. By James Anthony Froude.—Chaucer. By Adolphus William Ward.—Cowper. By Goldwin Smith.—A. Pope. By Leslie Stephen.—Dryden. By George Saintsbury. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents a volume.

Hawthorne. By Henry James, Jr. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

$125 A Month. Agents Wanted. 75 best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

DEATH ROLL

OF THE UNITED STATES.

Over Three Million People Carried off by Disease in 1880.

GENERAL DESIRE TO ARREST CONTAGION.

CARBOLIC ACID SOAP

As a Preventive of Disease.

If you can buy an article that you use daily, having unusual merit, in most all cases superior to that in ordinary use, in no case inferior, at no greater cost than you are already paying, is it not to your advantage? Every one uses soap, and we claim that carbolic soap possesses great merit over ordinary soap, especially for laundry and household purposes. BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC LAUNDRY SOAP is a perfectly pure soap, with the addition of the best carbolic acid, the odor is not offensive. It is this addition of carbolic acid that makes this soap so valuable. Its detergent properties are increased from 50 to 100 per cent. over ordinary laundry soap.

It is a thorough and continuous disinfectant. You are not liable to any contagious diseases if you use it in your household.

It thoroughly cleanses and whitens your clothing and preserves the fabric, and is equally effective in hard or soft water.

There is no necessity of boiling clothes. You may simply scald them, and need not use sal soda. There is no sour smell after coming from the laundry, which is so prevalent in hotel washing, and where clothing is washed and dried quickly by machine. All bad odors are eradicated by its use, and not the slightest trace of carbolic acid remains after the clothing is washed and ironed, but in its place you will find them sweet, clean, and agreeable.

Work can be done with less quantity and much less labor than is required with ordinary laundry soap.

It is a perfect disinfectant of clothing used by diseased persons. After any sickness the use of carbolic soap is imperative, especially after any contagious or malignant disease, in which case the room, linen, bedstead, floors, furniture, and utensils should be frequently scoured.

For washing floors and paint it is unexcelled. It will take out grease spots from your kitchen floors, drive away roaches, ants and water bugs, and other vermin, cleanse sinks, destroy bad odors from the same and disinfect them. Will counteract the bad effect of sewer and other gases, and save illness from malaria. Your kitchens will be cleaner, purer, and free from bad smells. All cooking utensils will be sweeter and cleaner by its use. Those who use it will find no more chapped hands, blotches or sores or pains and aches so prevalent after washing. The wonderful healing properties of carbolic acid are admitted by all physicians. How can it be better applied than in a good soap? It is always there. It will immediately remove stains from marble, which are so frequent in mantels, tables, brackets, &c. The suds on this soap will destroy bugs on rose bushes, vines, shrubs, trees, &c. Price, 10c. for a 12 ounce cake, or $6 50 for a box containing 80 cakes. For sale by all grocers, and wholesale by KIDDER & LAIRD, 83 John Street.

BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP cures chapped hands, pimples, blotches, allays all irritation of the skin, destroys the unpleasant odor of perspiration, is delightful for the bath, excellent for a foot wash, removing all bad smells from the feet. Price 25 cents per cake. Boxes of three cakes 60 cents. For sale by druggists and grocers. Wholesale by KIDDER & LAIRD, 83 John St. Be sure to get BUCHAN'S. No other is genuine.

CARBOLIC DISINFECTANT OR ANIMAL SOAP NUMBER ELEVEN contains different carbolic acid than our other soaps and stronger, and is especially a disinfecting and animal soap.

FOR DOGS. It removes all fleas, cures mange and scurf, eradicates bad odors, makes the coat clean and glossy.

FOR HORSES. Cures galls, sores, scratches, reduces swellings, the best thing to bandage with, which will prevent stocking or swelling in the legs; cleanses and gives life to the coat, making it smooth and glossy. Flies will not trouble a horse well washed with Carbolic Disinfectant Soap; will destroy chicken lice; will destroy bad odors in the house, stable, or kennel. Mechanics will find it useful in taking out the black grease from their hands. Price 25 cents per cake, or 50 cents for one pound bars. For sale by druggists and grocers, and wholesale by KIDDER & LAIRD, 83 John Street.

BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC MEDICINAL SOAP is made with the purest glycerine and 25 per cent. of the best carbolic acid crystals, is recommended by the leading physicians and surgeons. It is the best article known for salt-rheum, itch, tetter, scald head and other cutaneous diseases, pimples, blotches, boils, abscesses, gangrene, washing cuts and bruises, eradicates dandruff, gives life, invigorates and encourages the growth of the hair, cleanses the scalp. Is a delightful soap, very pleasant to use. Large cakes, 50 cents, or boxes containing three cakes, $1 20. For sale by druggists and grocers. Wholesale by KIDDER & LAIRD, 83 John Street.

BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC DENTAL SOAP.—The antiseptic properties of carbolic acid cannot be better utilized than in a preparation for the teeth. It heals and strengthens the gums, stops their bleeding, prevents decay, and effectually cleanses and whitens them, removes tartar and all other discolorations, purifies and sweetens the breath. Gentlemen who use stimulants or tobacco will find a most delightful taste and coolness in the mouth after using, especially in the morning. BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC DENTAL SOAP. Price, 25 cents per cake. For sale by all druggists.

Beware of worthless imitations. See that the name of "BUCHAN" and KIDDER & LAIRD are on each cake. No other is genuine.

Wholesale Carbolic Depot, Soaps, Acid, &c.,
83 John Street, N. Y.